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THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR AND PEACE

BY CHARLES M. BAKEWELL

THE German philosopher Nietzsche once wrote: "They say a good cause will hallow any war. I say to you that a good war will hallow any cause." A damnable doctrine this, and one that surely will never find an echo in any free nation, least of all in America. We know that war is not a good in itself, and that it is an utterly irrational way of settling disputes. We are committed to the ways of peace. Nevertheless, when the issue is a conflict between two utterly incompatible ideals, a situation may well arise where there is no other means of settlement save by the appeal to force. And then the good cause will hallow the war.

We are all lovers of peace. But the pacifist who is not willing and eager to draw the sword for the maintenance of the conditions without which peace is impossible is a mere dilettante. He is an arm-chair pacifist, enjoying a security for which others pay the price, and dreaming a fair dream of the nations of the earth living together in amity and sweet reasonableness, while closing his eyes to things as they are. In our western frontier communities when the spirit of outlawry broke loose, as sometimes it did, the peace-loving citizens did not propose a joint high commission for the settlement of disputes. They knew that the price of peace was war to the death, and gladly assumed their share of risk, and shot that shootings might cease. There was no other way. And it is the same with nations. Thus it happens that the peace-loving Americans are now filled with a solemn joy that at last they are to be allowed to take their part and bear their share of the risk in putting an end to the spirit of outlawry among nations, and in fighting that fighting may cease. There is no other way. And it is war to the death. The snake must be killed, not scotched!

Every true American breathed more freely and stood a little straighter when he read President Wilson's noble address to Congress. At a stroke it cleared the atmosphere, leaving no shadow of a doubt as to where we stand or why we stand where we do. We seek no private gain; we expect no compensation. We are entering the war in order to give—to give of our best and without stint, and to hazard all, not because our commerce has been interrupted and our ships sunk, nor merely because our citizens have been murdered and our honour assailed; but because militant Germany of to-day, egotistic and ruthless, has proved herself the common enemy of humanity, and we must take our place in the ranks in the service of mankind. We are fighting in

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order that "the world may be safe for democracy." We are fighting for "the truer union of mankind and for the future of human brotherhood."*

We are, therefore, fully in accord with our allies in the determination that this war shall not cease save under conditions that will secure a league of nations which shall make the recurrence of such a world catastrophe forever impossible. The hope of such a league can, however, never be realised, as the German philosopher Kant saw long ago, unless the nations that enter into that league are nations in which the people rule through their chosen representatives, and in which the people alone decide the question of war. The nations participating must be democracies. And the spirit that governs their relations to one another must be the same as that which governs the relations of individuals within a democracy. There must be one and the same code of morality, international and infranational. The humbler nations must enter in on the same footing with the greatest, and all must be free and equal before the law of nations. There is no room in the community of nations for any state that confuses might with right, and recognises no higher moral law binding on all states alike. And that for the simple reason that for such a state treaties will always be "scraps of paper" when so-called military necessity and private interest dictate; and past friendships, historical alliances, and moral principles will count for naught.

Even with such a league firmly established, it is not at all likely that wars shall be no more. But at least we may reasonably hope that if the free nations of the world band together, ready at any time to use their combined strength in freedom's cause, wars of conquest, wars fought for the aggrandisement of one nation at the expense of others, will cease, or be kept within narrow bounds. But will the family of free nations continue to dwell together in unity? It is hardly probable. Nations have the weaknesses of their constituent citizens. There is always the danger that misunderstandings will arise, dissensions, jealousies, and that group may combine against group, when the issues may be so complex as to give each side the conviction that it is standing disinterestedly for the ideal of freedom. One could even now mention an issue that might cause such an unhappy alignment, but perhaps it is best not to do so. It is well, however, to try to make clear to ourselves what is the prerequisite to the success of such a world league. The answer is not far to seek, once we admit that the principles that are to govern as between nations are the same as those which hold between individuals, for it is precisely the same thing that must be realised if there is to be unity of purpose within the nation. It may be put in a word. Negatively, it is the destruction of the spirit of egotism; positively, it is the domination of the spirit of fair play.

The nations that enter into a league for peace will be no better, no worse, than the citizens that compose them. And the only way to make sure that the principles which make peace possible will prevail as between nations is to see to it that they shall prevail within the boundaries of the individual nations. When we look at the conditions in our own land, the plain fact is that they do not by any means universally prevail. And so far as they do not, our democracy is still on trial, is still an experiment in freedom. And there is by so much the danger that we ourselves might introduce the element of discord into the league of nations.

No better illustration, for example, of the baneful egotism that is the curse of German autocracy could be found than in the recent behaviour of some of our professional pacifists. A handful of senators, the small group of "wilful men," by filibustering tactics prevented a vote on the armed neutrality bill. They happened to have the power, and did not hesitate to use it to defeat the will

*I borrow this phrase from Josiah Royce's second *Lusitania* address, published in *The Hope of the Great Community.*

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of an overwhelming majority. No doubt they thought that they were right in their opposition to the proposed legislation, as the pan-Germanist thinks he is right in seeking to dominate the world for the world's good. And they were fully entitled to their convictions. But when they took advantage of the power that the rules gave to force their point when their arguments failed, they gave a perfect exhibition of that egotism which is the fertile source of wars.

Similarly Mr. Bryan, who has recently been defending peace-at-any-price with the same specious plausibility that characterised his earlier advocacy of free silver and similar fanciful remedies, betrayed the same egotism, this time national, when in a recent published utterance one of the reasons he gives for opposing the plan of a league to enforce peace is that, in the council of the nations, the United States would not have the deciding voice. His position strikingly resembles that of the German militarist who declared that Germany was quite ready to place herself at the head of a league to enforce the peace of Europe.

Again, when our relations with Germany were finally broken, a small group of pacifists proceeded to spend large sums of money on full-page broadsides in our larger dailies, breathing an egotistical self-righteousness, filled with specious arguments, sometimes bordering on the treasonable—a procedure which vividly recalled the earlier days of Prussian propaganda under the leadership of Dr. Dernberg.

When this fell flat they resorted to the easier method of vilification. In the mass meeting held in New York under the auspices of the Emergency Peace Committee, some of our most respected citizens, whose eminent public services place them beyond the reach of petty calumny, were contemptuously referred to as the "minions of Wall Street." And the resolutions passed on that occasion impugned the motives of all who did not agree with this particular group of men,—a procedure that strikingly recalls that blindness of Prussian egotism that has kept insisting that the press which is opposed to Germany has been bought up by the Allies.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean by what has been said to imply that our militant pacifists are the only, or the chief offenders. I mention these instances partly because they are striking and recent, and partly because one might reasonably have supposed that it is precisely in this group of men that we should find those who are free from that egotism that stands in the way of peace. But unfortunately it is an all too common human failing. It is manifest in any industrial dispute when either party, thinking that it has the whip-hand, uses its power to enforce its interests, refusing to submit to arbitration; it is found in some of the practices to which "big business" still finds it possible to resort "within the law"; it is found in every instance of exploitation, and it appears in our daily life in countless minor ways. And so long as this spirit exists there is danger that it may become consolidated in the purpose of a nation, and menace the peace of the world.

We may take it as an assured fact that when the war is over we shall have some sort of a league of nations formed in the interest of peace. If we are to do our share in contributing to the permanent success of that league, once it is established, we must work incessantly within our own borders for the elimination of this unbrothering egotism. In its positive form this means that we must work for the triumph of the spirit of fair play. This precept, which lies at the basis of social morality, as of all efforts in democracy, is as simple in meaning as it is difficult to put into practice. It means not merely that men should be tolerant, but also that that tolerance should be based on mutual sympathy and understanding, and should result in effective co-operation in the effort to bring into harmony the conflicting aims and ideals of men. That is, the first requirement is that one should make real to oneself the inner life of the other fel-

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low as it is real for him. How rarely this is done! It is only in the case of those who are nearest and dearest to us that we succeed, and then imperfectly. Most of our relations to our fellow-men are purely external. So long as this is the case they are not strictly speaking human relations at all. And yet we shall never have that unity which will insure the internal peace of our nation until our relations to our own fellow-men are of this sort. The precept, in other words, is a counsel of perfection. The state must become a community of friends. Nor will it be a true democracy until this consummation is reached. This goal is indeed far removed, and our progress toward it is painfully slow. We have, however, fortunately a second string to our bow. It is hard for us to make the inner life of a fellow-man as warm and vital to ourselves as it is to him. But it is not so difficult to be less hot about our own inner lives. We have, in fact, been learning to be more detached in our attitude toward our private concerns; to play fair and in the open. Our sports have been of inestimable value here in making a habit of that spirit of fair play which scorns a victory won by trickery or by any unfair advantage. This gives us a practical formula of freedom, and a working unity, failing that higher and closer unity of our aspirations, and strengthens our present hope of peace.

It is by acquiring this habit of friendship and fair play in the relations between individual citizens, or groups of citizens, within a state that the secure foundation is laid for its extension to the relations between nations, thus insuring the peace of the world. If we fail on the one side we shall fail on the other. The conditions of world peace are thus made plain. Each nation must strive to make real to itself the inner life of the other nation. For every nation has its inner life, its soul, which finds its own unique expression in its language, its literature, its customs, its history and its ideals. And if, sometimes, it is impossible for one nation to show this intimate understanding and sympathy for a sister nation, it must at least be possible for every nation to view its private interests with a certain detachment, to view itself objectively as a member of the community of nations, to play the game, and not to insist upon being the judge in its own case.

The spirit which must rule if peace is to be permanent is diametrically opposed to that spirit of national egotism which is so perfectly embodied in official Germany of to-day. We are in the habit of distinguishing between the German people and the German Government; and indeed the worst that can be said of the people is that they accept their rulers, and that they do not and never have governed themselves. But the Junkers and pan-Germanists are in the saddle. They succeeded in capturing the army, the court, and even representative professors and clergymen, and blinding them with the vision of a world dominated by Germany divinely appointed, because of her superior qualities, for this task. Everything that Germany has done is explicable from this premise—not only the long chapter of savage barbarities beginning with the rape of Belgium and continuing with ever-increasing ruthlessness down to the recent enslavement of the daughters of France, but also her diplomatic blunders. There is no sympathy, no understanding, no detachment, no spirit of fair play, for the simple reason that she recognises no equal. She is alone in the world she has built in her dreams.

Look now from this picture to another. One of the most surprising things of the war, and one of the most hopeful signs for future peace, is the splendid way in which the English colonies have voluntarily rallied to the support of the mother country, contributing so generously both money and men. For the external bonds that tied these colonies to her were of the very flimsiest sort. These are in effect free and independent countries. England has had the wisdom in her colonial policy to respect the independent life of the constit-

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uent members of her Empire. The spirit of fair play which dominates her sports has controlled her policy. And the result has shown itself in the way in which the Empire has proved to be a community of nations, held in unity by a spiritual bond far stronger than any that a mailed fist could have fashioned.

But there is another phase of the philosophy of war and peace that must be considered. We have been speaking so far of the conditions of permanent peace. A word must be said about the positive value of war. The plain truth is that wars have served the cause of mankind, and that the sturdy and manly virtues have resulted from the wars that have been fought. "Its [war's] horrors are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zo-ophily, of 'consumers' leagues' and 'associated charities,' of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valour any more! Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!" These words were written by William James, one of the gentlest souls that ever lived, and one of the keenest psychologists, and are found in an address delivered at a peace conference. As the occasion of its deliverance implies, James does not draw from these facts the monstrous conclusion that we must foster wars for the sake of these benefits. But what he does insist upon, and rightly, is that if wars are to cease, as cease in time they must, some "moral equivalent" must be found which will develop the same sturdiness, the same loyalty and devotion, the same greatness in man. With that moral equivalent I am not here concerned. It must be found, or nations will wax fat and flabby and luxurious, and need the chastening of war. In the meantime let us remember that, failing the better method not yet found, war does, in spite of all its horrors, bring blessings in its train. If one wishes for proof let him look to England, to France, or to any of the warring nations. But best of all to France, which has given us the second great surprise of the war. It may be remembered that shortly before the war broke out one of our most loquacious pacifists, in public lectures, denounced the French as a nation of decadents, lacking in vigour as in morality, scarcely worth the powder to blow them up, and a ready victim for the first vigourous foe. Those of us who knew and loved France knew that this was a libel. But still we thought of the French as being (like ourselves) an irreverent and pleasure-loving people, devoted to luxury and ease, and we trembled lest they should not be able to withstand the sudden assault of the horde of strictly disciplined troops that was hurled against them. How easy it is to misjudge the latent strength of a free and relatively undisciplined people the battle of the Marne made plain. But what has been made even plainer is that modern France, through her trials, has found her soul, her strength. Her national consciousness has been awakened, and she is united and great and free as never before.

The reason for this is not far to seek. We speak of man as a rational animal, but if we take this to mean that his conduct is ordered by syllogisms we should be far out in our reckoning. Much reasoning is apt to lead to indecision and vacillation. There are so many grounds that can be adduced for and against every line of action. The great dynamic power in life is and always will be supplied by the instincts and their accompanying emotions, such as the instinct of pugnacity and the emotion of anger, the instinct of self-assertion and the emotion of elation, the parental instinct and the tender emotion. In the long run reason, clearer vision of relative values, may have some effect in controlling these latent sources of power. But more effective than argument in rationalising the instincts is the discipline they have gradually undergone in the course of evolution. From being connected in the first instance with those activities which meant the survival of the individual or the family clan, they are now concerned with those that are necessary

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for the survival or welfare of the nation or the cause. Their significance has become more and more over-personal. We may express this by saying that the self in whose interest the emotional energy is spent has become more and more identified with the national self or with the cause. When this is the case, not only has selfishness given way to loyalty, but the instincts themselves have become reason in action. Therefore it is that in his conduct man best shows himself a rational animal by hearkening to the voice of what we call his better, which means his more disciplined instincts. But the older, narrower, more selfish response lives on. War has the supreme power of putting in control the instincts in their over-personal implication, and is therefore especially effective in bringing about that consciousness of solidarity, that spirit of unity in freedom, which we have seen to be necessary for permanent peace. Paradoxical as it seems, the valour of war is the pathway to peace, and this will be as true of Germany as of any other nation, once the people have found a voice.

Let us hope that these advantages will be ours, and that we shall be strengthened even as France has been. But for this to result we must throw ourselves wholeheartedly into the war side by side with the Allies for freedom and for peace. And we must have universal service, which is the only effective and only democratic form of service, and at the same time the one that is most certain in the end to bring the blessings of peace. This is what the stand we have already taken means. Let us not repine because more than one tradition dear to the provincial American heart has vanished forever. Our splendid isolation is indeed a thing of the past. The world's affairs are henceforth our affairs. We shall be entangled in the alliance of all free peoples. Our Monroe Doctrine is made obsolete; or perhaps it would be truer to say that the principle which underlay it has been given world-wide significance. Let us, however, remember that

> New occasions bring new duties,
> Time makes ancient use uncouth.

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IN SEARCH OF THE AMERICAN SOUL

BY JOSEPH McCABE

MODERN psychology speaks little about the soul of the individual and much about a soul which our ancestors knew not. It has discovered that there is a soul of a crowd, of a city, of a race. The phrase is, at all events, a convenient summing up of the distinctive mental and moral features of any marked group of people. Whether it denote a social phenomenon of our time—whether it measure the growth of a new social sentiment which spreads slowly outward from every large centre of population and will one day cover the planet—need not be considered here. The literary tradition and popular belief of centuries have insisted that character changes materially when you cross national frontiers, and it is the sum of these altered features which we call the soul of a people.

What is the soul-type of the United States? How, in particular, does the American character differ from the English? What manner of seal has been impressed upon the plastic material of the native-born child by those subtle agencies which make up the distinctive vitality of America?

The difficulties of a search of this kind are usually obscured by literary conceit. There is a kind of literary traveller who would persuade you that he can, almost at a glance, detect the large and constant currents beneath the rippled surface of a nation's life: that he can pit Oriental against Occidental, American against Briton, or French against German, as easily as if they were rival baseball teams with flaunting colours. The more scrupulous traveller is impressed rather with the rich variety of human nature within any given national area, and the sameness of human nature in all areas. Indeed, the difficulty of formulating national traits is greater in America than elsewhere. A score of racial strains traverse its life, sometimes as sharply defined as the Gulf Stream, sometimes shading through every conceivable phase into what is called the American type. The fires of the great melting-pot are too clement. As I sit in the subway I read, to right and left of me, journals in Yiddish, Italian, Greek, German, French, Hungarian, and Spanish; and over each journal broods the familiar face of each country, alien and inflexible. "A nation's soul is in its tongue," said a German poet. Then you have twenty nations between New York and San Francisco. You must omit from any American generalisation at least a third of America. And when you have done this you confront the normal psychological problem. How will you bring under one common formula this pale, clean-eyed youth and that florid, loose-lipped thing yonder: this dainty, graceful, fine-grained American woman, who sweetens life, and the hard-eyed, self-centred, fur-clad woman who jostles you on Broadway: this quiet, mellow, cultivated host of yours and the strident critic or narrow, grim-jawed business man who sits beside him?

A promising path to take in the search for this elusive common soul is to consider the mutual disdain of many Britons and Americans. The extent of this antagonism is often exaggerated, but there is, unhappily, a large measure of it. American writers have loudly informed me across the arena of a polite drawing-room, à propos of nothing that I could discover, that no American cares two cents about the Englishman's conceit of superiority; a conceit with which I was, strangely, unfamiliar. A distinguished American statesman said to me: "Mr. McCabe, I am not pro-English." Was

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it mere fancy that he laid a faint and disconcerting accent on the "pro"? A not uneducated Westerner closed a quite friendly talk with me, in the smoking-parlour of a train, with the heavy finale: "All I know about the English is that we licked 'em twice." The second occasion had, I found, escaped his memory, and the first was somewhat remote for such acute recollection; but it was a good formula.

Now this measure of mutual dislike deserves the attention, not only of broad-minded educators and statesmen, but of national psychologists. It has a curious resemblance to the mutual feeling of Prussians and Bavarians or Austrians; indeed, I have found a very similar situation in sister cities like Melbourne and Sydney, if not New York and Boston. The north German regards the southerner as an unenterprising, listless, decaying gentleman, with a great conceit of his art and culture and blood, and a small capacity for exertion and progress. The man of Munich or Vienna smilingly retorts that Berlin is blatant, vulgar, more devoted to Mammon than Athene. The parallel is, surely, instructive: except that the Englishman is more frequently accused of frigid aloofness than of fluid *Gemüthlichkeit*. But the analogy weakens, and the whole art of portraying national character incurs suspicion, when we reflect that the Englishman has for decades been caricatured in France and Germany, not as a languid and exclusive person with an affectation of culture, but as a blatant, vulgar, loud-voiced money-grubber, a vile thing in chess-board tweeds, holding a foul pipe between monstrous horse-teeth, the shop-keeper among men!

The truth is that these international antagonisms are very largely based upon subconscious irritations over trifling differences between rival nations. Between the two great English-speaking peoples probably the difference of dialect or pronunciation is the chief of these. The nasal overtone which is so common in America irritates the English ear as much as the languid Oxford speech incenses, or the sturdy north-British speech amuses, the American. It is not entirely a matter of education. I know some of the most cultivated men of New York who pronounce their names as if their breath were to be used economically, and those detestable consonants were to be ignored as far as possible; and I have, on the other hand, seen American audiences smile at the sober London pronunciation of the word "plant." Thoughtless folk speak of lack of culture on one side or affectation on the other. It is merely a trivial difference of usage.

There are numbers of these trifling differences registered irritatingly in the subliminal magazines. One American habit—a habit, at least, much more common and conspicuous in America—must be insinuated rather than described. Let us say that the fine, exhilarating air of New York seems to have a chronically irritating effect upon the mucous linings of the throat. London has generally outgrown the habit to which this leads, and it shudders in the streets or hotels of New York. Gum-chewing, again, is a plebeian habit to which the British working-man, strongly solicited now by American commerce, swears that he will never, never be a slave; and the American worker, in turn, would astound his British fellow by retorting that certain prominent features of London streets, which the Englishman regards as civilised institutions, would disgrace an African forest.

In conventional forms of intercourse these differences abound, and they are to the thoughtless very solid indications of character. An English duke is, as a rule, more accessible than an American millionaire, but even the humbler British visitor to an American provincial town is startled when he is suddenly asked: "Say, Bill, what's the time?" And the reticence with which an Englishman coldly expresses the precise measure of gratitude which he feels is hardly less amusing to the American than is to the Englishman the ceremoni-

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ous exuberance with which some eminent American, whom he has bored for half an hour, assures him, as he fervently presses his hand, that it is a very great privilege to have met him. America habitually overstates its cordiality and comes in time to believe itself. The balance is undoubtedly on the side of America, but it is a fact that, as a mere matter of custom, America expresses more than it feels, and England feels more than it expresses. Many of these differences are due, not to living features of mind, but to earlier conditions which no longer exist. The cat turns round and round before it settles to sleep, because its remote ancestors once needed to make a bed in the long grass. Much of American exuberance is, similarly, a formal practice which had life in the old colonial days, when the sight of a stranger or a white man really warmed the heart.

Sparks of this kind have at times helped to enkindle the conflagration of war. These trivial differences of custom make the greater part of national characterisation, as it is usually made, or of international caricature. The ease with which a more genial wind will scatter them shows their pettiness. Just on such trivial grounds the Frenchman was until recently regarded by John Bull as an ape, an unbalanced and impossible creature, a spiritual drunkard; and the Frenchman warmly returned the assurance of eternal antagonism. Within a decade all this lumber was swept out of the subliminal vault. The atmosphere of the mind was cleansed and prepared for an enthusiasm. Let the Stars and Stripes march through London, on the way to "somewhere in France," and in a day all these fumes will be blown over the blue seas.

When we have set aside these things, these parasitic growths upon international judgment, we find substantial differences. I approached New York for the first time at dusk, when the myriad eyes of the towering buildings blinked prettily in the half-light. It seemed as if there were a city of enchanted palaces on some mountain that overlooked the lowlands where one sought New York. An American friend had with pride summoned me to the upper deck. He did not know that these "sky-scrapers" were to many Englishmen the very front of American vanity; nor did the Englishmen know, as a rule, that this unique architecture had a unique and simple *raison d'être* in the geographical position of New York. As inevitably as the trees of a dense Brazilian forest must the structures of New York tower upward; and not one Englishman in ten thousand has the vaguest idea of the situation of New York which causes the ascension.

But to a candid and cosmopolitan mind, thus approaching New York, the question occurs: Would a British city have dominated, so proudly and masterfully, the natural limitations of its growth? I think not. The American soul is in those soaring structures. I, of course, do not mean that there was any "soar" in the minds of architects or builders, but their triumph speaks of joyous enterprise, of quick and fertile brain, of indomitable energy, of all that one associates historically with the early manhood of a people. It is not at all the virility of Berlin. Those stupendous creations in the lower part of Broadway look down upon miles of streets worse paved and kept than any I have seen in any other city. Ugliness, irregularities, stintings, makeshifts mingle in New York with an amazing wealth of efficiency devices, and sprawl to the very feet of public, or even private, buildings whose luxuriant growth shows that they were watered with gold. Berlin is more consistent, more punctilious, more artistic on its mediocre level of art. It organises neatness as it organises sanitation.

This impression of energy and initiative, of creative power, deepens with every month of exploration of New York. In no other city of the world does one see so large a proportion of *strong* faces, or such an incessant bub-

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bling of new ideas. Originality, which is creativeness, oozes out of every pore of New York. The shops, from the great store to the half-window in Sixth Avenue, reek with ideas. In no other city of the world have I ever caught myself looking into the windows of dressmakers' shops. Even the male philosopher has to do it in New York. The catering system is the most amazingly varied and ingenious and accommodating in the world. Industry and commerce enrich the world with their devices. The places of entertainment, the hotels, the homes, even the churches, show originality.

This is the fundamental distinction from England. Lecturing in London a year ago, I declared that we lacked and needed the American spirit. An American merchant who was of my audience afterward warned me that British business is far more solid than American, and I have since heard incredible statistics of bankruptcy. But this unenviable feature of American business-life is itself, probably, an issue of the irrepressible spirit of enterprise, the fertility of imagination, the impulse to create. America and England do singularly suggest to us, as Prussia and Austria do, the contrast of youth and age. This is not to endorse the superficial theory that nations, like individuals, grow old and inevitably sink. The age of a civilisation is not a measure of its vitality. Yet there is some analogy. There is often something like a stiffening of the nation's arteries, a slowing of the circulation. The grand difference is that in the case of a nation the malady is curable. It is not, except where repeated war has drained the stock, due to a lowering of physical energy, but to a clogging growth of traditional formulæ in business, politics, ethics, and so on.

The second leading trait which impresses the visitor to America is the light-heartedness with which the American holds his creative energy. Here there is a wide divergence from the Prussian character. The American probably surpasses the Prussian in *power* of organising—why he is not superior in fact we may consider later—but is more buoyant, more expansive, less subjective. Prussia I have described as a young man in a hurry to make his fortune, and severely engrossed in the task. America in this respect unites the freshness of youth with the confidence of successful maturity. The middle-class Englishman is apt to curtail the hours of business and devote his large leisure to serious reading or sedate entertainment. The German is apt to overrun the hours of labour, and to carry into his small leisure a stern feeling of his duty as a unit of a great empire. The American works, for a full term, with energy, and he then plays as few others do. He reads, apart from magazines and fiction, less than the Englishman does, and he bears his national prestige genially. The Saturday spectacle at certain restaurants, when men stream in joyously with wife or friend, to shed extravagantly the dollars for which they fought like misers a half hour before, is an American phenomenon. There is three or four times as much music and dancing and dining in New York, with a smaller population, as there is in London. It is a metropolis with the light-heartedness of a green valley.

This is not, as some think, due to democratic forms. England is to-day, in political values, more democratic than the United States. Our kingship is an empty formula: our "lords" do as we direct them: our Premier can be discharged within twenty-four hours: our political bosses and caucuses are tame things beside the American. The superior democracy of America is as mythical as the "hustle" of America, which I have vainly sought for months. Such hustling as there is seems to be confined to the women of what the Labourite calls "the idle-rich class," and it is due to the American perfection of the telephone system. The wires throb all day with summonses to meetings and confabulations. English women are, as a rule, still in the letter-stage of civilisa-

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tion, and cannot create such formidable programmes.

These fundamental traits of the American character are partly due to climate, partly to history, partly to the fusion of races, partly to rich feeding. The stern winter, the piercing winds and bright cold days, brace because they mean rich nourishment and energy. The tendency is moderated by the appalling warmth indoors, which sets the check of moderation or dyspepsia upon the older Americans, but there is a constant invasion of eupeptic folk from the country or from rural nations, and the vigour is sustained. This and the clash of cultures and stimulating atmosphere may explain the effervescence of ideas. To me, as an historian, the fundamental law of progress is clash of cultures. Out of this great cauldron, where twenty nations commingle, new things are bound to rise. The spaciousness, the ample native production of food, the general prosperity, are in strong contrast to the cramped posture of older civilisations. They mean warmer and richer blood, quicker brains.

In a sense, too, the spacious and teeming provinces protract the healthy conditions of colonial days; and indeed those days are still so little remote that features of character which they engendered have not disappeared. Setting aside the dyspeptic, the anæmic over-intellectual, the unassimilated foreigner, the coarser types, and so on, I should say that the American character—there is an American character as surely as there is an American face, which one easily recognises in Europe—means strength, originality, creativeness, impulsiveness, generosity, insularity, expansiveness, sensibility. That the American has any distinctive cult of the almighty dollar is a slander—upon Europe. Every sensible person seeks all the money he can get. The American's gifts peculiarly fit him for getting it. People often forget that it was an American idealist, Emerson, who lodged that phrase, "the cult of the almighty dollar," reproachfully in the mind of Europe. What is somewhat more distinctive of the American is that he gets money, not to save, but to spend; and hospitality is one of his habitual methods of spending. Between England and America is Australia. The best comparison of character is to compare the three. Then you realise how far the colonial soul lingers in the great Republic.

And this same lingering of the colonial spirit perhaps accounts for one of the chief defects of American character. To that contrast of forty-story buildings and mean pavements let me add another. Schools finer than any other country can boast exist side by side with a general apathy to a formidable national problem: the submergence of the true Americans under spreading floods of aliens, the easy tolerance of lower cultures which are parasitic to American prosperity and may sap it, the slender birth-rate of the sound and the encouragement of a high birth-rate among unassimilated masses. Similarly, though this contrast is waning, magnificent public institutions are raised while corruption in the public service is genially disregarded. Two years ago I examined with jealous admiration a princely school in the suburbs of Chicago and dwelt upon the public spirit which created it; and during that very hour the busiest street of Chicago was disgraced by a hold-up in broad daylight—the seventieth in a few weeks—that could not happen elsewhere. Until a year or two ago gentlemanly gunmen kept accounts in banks on the East Side.

This imperfection of public spirit argues a vicious individualism; another relic of spacious colonial days. Instead of being genuine democrats, self-rulers, the Americans are too apt to imagine that democracy ends with tax-paying. The salaried servant is not controlled. A man's work in life is his individual business. To this vague machinery of administration, which he finances, he is not sufficiently attentive. The geographical isolation of America, the absence of any big competitor to the

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United States on the American continent, have encouraged the attitude. They have inspired the foreign policy of having no foreign policy; and as to internal affairs, the American would rather pay money than pay attention. Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, is the code. The American forgets that this ideal was framed by a monarch. Those who do not want to play for eight hours out of twenty-four will exact the reward of their labour.

This individualism, however, is in a fair way to be corrected by the new world-politics and need not be discussed further. It is more interesting to consider how the American soul has, in its development, missed the artistic phase, or whether it will yet produce a distinctive art. An artistic efflorescence is an early symptom of the formation of a distinct civilisation. It usually spreads its brilliant petals in the sun when a strong and prosperous people has just emerged from the last stage of barbarism. It is a people's spring-time. That was the position of Periclean art at Athens, of Gothic architecture, of mediæval painting and sculpture, of Elizabethan drama and poetry. According to historical precedent America ought before this to have produced a great art; and it has assuredly not done so. Its architecture is borrowed or mediocre, its painting of hardly more than national repute, its music cosmopolitan, its literature unimpressive. It begets no Turner, no Wagner, no Rodin, no D'Annunzio. Although it would seem to be in the condition of rich blood, febrile imagination, and peaceful prosperity, out of which great art was ever born, we see no symptom of travail.

Probably this is not due to a defect of the American imagination but to the changed condition of the world. Rome never had a great art of its own, and for analogous reasons America may never have one. The imagination of Rome was enticed with dreams of world-conquest and adventure and commerce. The imagination of a vigourous people of modern times is fired by the triumphs of science, industry, and commerce, the constructive work of invention. The soul of Leonardo da Vinci was attracted equally to both fields. With the opportunities and incentives of modern times he might have devoted his genius entirely to the latter. The artistic deterioration and scientific progress of Japan confirm the suspicion.

However it may be with artistic creation, the mood of appreciation and enjoyment is as widespread and sincere here as in any land. Every artist of modern times knows America. It is an essential issue of the playfulness, the sensuousness, the individualism of the American character that it should enjoy art. In music, the art that most nearly leaves the intellect slumbering, it revels. It is a part of the eight hours' work and eight hours' play ideal, for music—the music of the mass—leaves the mind fallow for the morrow's work.

I have spoken so far of the American man—the man who stands out as most distinctly American in the cosmopolitan crowd. He may be hard or suave, interested or not interested in ideas, vulgar or refined, but the composite photograph a large acquaintance with him leaves on the mind is that of a strong, resourceful, genial, life-loving man, narrow in his interests and expansive in sentiment, proud of his position in the world yet sensitive to cultural reproaches, apt to be myopic outside his office or classroom. The American woman is different; or, rather, there is no American woman. The woman of the south is not the woman of the north, nor does east match with west. Yet one almost always recognises an American woman in Europe, and it is hard to believe that the facial contour alone is constant. She has not the strength, the creativeness, the easy and genial sense of mastery of the American man—which is due to man's selective action—and, since she shares his febrility of imagination, she is apt to live in a torrent of vaguely conceived enthusiasms. She holds the world-record of voluntary celibacy and

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smallness of family, and she will lead the world in solving the problems she raises. The central figure of the very varied gallery of American women is a graceful, fine-skinned and fine-hearted, candid, genially rebellious woman, lithe and soft of frame, eager to know as well as to enjoy: than which I know no more attractive and promising type of womanhood. Perhaps she makes the mistake of thinking that sensuousness is inconsistent with entire refinement, self-possession, and modernity. She needs strength, more food and blood. On her rests one's hope of a speedy and just settlement of the great sex-problem that looms on the horizon.

In short, the American soul has developed both fine qualities and defects which the breaking of its Continental fences will severely test. It hardly realises that its strength already wanes; that, as in imperial Rome, the blood of the provinces has to flush the depleting metropolitan veins. It is unwilling to see that a genial individualism may not meet so successfully the new conditions of life. It thinks too little, and it misses the truth that the problem now is to remove the Monroe fences and spread Americanism over the world before the world overflows it. With one-half the public spirit of ancient Athens it could achieve wonders. Without stern public spirit and action it will be strangled by its own generosity, by its prolific aliens, by its pacifism. But already the bugle peals through the land, and the men and women of America will discover, through the battle-fields of Europe, the problems that grew here while they danced and played.

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EDUCATION AND THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE

BY NANN CLARK BARR

THERE is a tradition that a certain great scientist said of telepathy: "If it is true, we ought to enter into a conspiracy to keep it dark." That is the proper treatment to be accorded to the platform recipes for success given us by commencement speakers, who define the goal of education in strict terms and then point out the straight and narrow way to reach it. Efficiency would have us always take the shortest distance between two points; but we should lose so much fun by the way that the well-meaning success-mongers should be suppressed, like the dormouse in *Alice in Wonderland*.

And after all, are we so much interested in the two points as in the line between them? Amid so much talk of achieving the goal, we are in danger of forgetting that no goal is self-existent, that our life in all its length of road is spent in the journeying, while the goal is but a moment, a mathematical point which marks the end. Man is never really enthusiastic over final achievement. He reaches an end, only to constitute it a new beginning. This trait, which philosophic pessimists have dwelt on as melancholy proof of the vanity of life, the ultimate unsatisfactoriness of a human nature which is forever creating new desires and so can never realise contentment, is really at the root of whatever joyousness still blooms within us. The one goal which man visibly attains is death; and the thought of a final destination has been so unendurable to most minds that they have been driven to postulate a further journey and a world beyond. Locomotion is the precious attribute which differentiated man's ancestors from the oyster, and he will not relinquish it. He wants to "keep moving" and to have unlimited opportunity to go on.

The value of education, then, is not to show us how to "get there," whether the "there" be defined in terms of fortune, or character, or knowledge. Under such conditions, the preparation becomes as mechanical, as fixed and therefore dead, as far from the spirit of adventure as the goal which it sets. And some of us refuse point blank to live in a world so settled and scheduled. Much has been said of the danger of scepticism, of the working superiority of even an erroneous hypothesis over a spongy receptivity. But the danger of dogmatism is far more imminent. The sceptical temperament is so rare that even a moderate degree of distrust of one's own conclusions is a difficult achievement. None of us is likely to follow the example of the Greek sage who reduced his responses to the waggle of one finger, lest he commit himself to some too definite statement. We are far more likely to encase ourselves in a straight-jacket of infallibilities—a procedure as inimical as scepticism to spiritual activity.

The office of education is not to give us precepts and tools under the name of ideals and training; but to inculcate an attitude toward life which shall make possible progress without destruction—and this is the touchstone of the highest efficiency—and which shall furthermore keep vividly present to us the joy of unfulfilment, and make us ever ready to leave the beaten road and follow quests down hidden bypaths. This attitude can most briefly be characterised as the spirit of adventure.

One of the most distinguished of American scientists has written in the preface to a text-book: "The main thing in teaching . . . is to give one's pupils a system, a consistent body of doctrine. Whether the details are right or wrong

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is, comparatively, a small matter; errors can always be corrected." But what if the student leaves the subject there, and gets no hint of the possible errors? And even if he pursue his researches further, the correction can be made only at the cost of disillusionment and time wasted in useless resistance to the new teaching when it first appears. If he goes on into life equipped with only this one neat little system of dogma, he not only loses interesting knowledge of the views of other men, with the attendant sense of the eternal ebb and flow of the currents of opinion, but his spirit is bound tight with the hampering illusion that at least one question, as set forth by the professor, is settled once for all. If, on the other hand, he leave the course with his mind in a mist of confusion from which no solid land emerges, he is in so far wise, and ready for new light from whatever quarter it may shine.

The method of cultivating the spirit of adventure is, in a word, the avoidance of convictions. For so the student of books or life will not have to waste energy in unlearning, with spiritual bloodshed, what he has once learned. He is blind to no possible truth, though it should stand directly behind his back. Moreover, he will walk with open eyes and kindly voice and undimmed curiosity. For since for him no question is laid on the shelf to collect pigeonhole dust, since all issues are vital to him, and he carries no closed system under his arm, he is ready to listen to all voices and perchance to accept a quest from one whose momentary camping ground is far distant from his own. For he has learned to realise that progress in truth, even the sternest scientific truth, does not proceed by the adding together of bits of ascertained fact, like coral insects. The theory of evolution, which in the last century seemed so convenient a key for all locks, has changed under the hands of the twentieth century until only the elect know what is now meant by the word; and such conflicts as those between mechanism and vitalism in biology, and between parallelism and interaction in psychology, go to show that science is by no means a consistent body of doctrine, a tabulated assortment of facts which will "stay put."

What then is the proper attitude for the ordinary educated man to adopt? What has study given him as a gift for life? Some crude errors he has been taught to avoid; for the rules of the game of thought have become more strict as man's questioning imagination has grown subtler, more exacting. But education should have trained him to see problems, not to solve them, still less to accept other people's solutions. It should have made irrevocable decisions impossible to him.

But the working hypothesis, the degree of decision indispensable to action, is not thereby forbidden him. Acting on an assumption which is recognised as only an assumption, is an altogether different matter from insisting that it is a chip off the old block of absolute truth. The heroism of dying for a principle is by no means incompatible with the admission that one's faith may be illusion —as indeed somebody's earnest faith must be, since there have been martyrs to both of two mutually contradictory conceptions. The martyr who sees the crown so clearly that his deed may be regarded as simply paying the reasonable price for what he gets, is after all less heroic than is the man who obeys his own soul without postulating its necessary agreement with the scheme of the universe.

The ineradicable "if" lends zest and glory to the quest. To refuse to play with loaded dice, to scorn to win by virtue of a straight tip from infallible sources, to deny that anyone, even oneself in one's most firm beliefs, has a corner on objective truth, makes for the finer courage. "One with God is a majority;" but there is no real valour in me unless I accept the chance that God may not be what I think Him, that my deepest moral nature may be discordant with the final reality, that God, being out of the range of my nature, may in-

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explicably be making a majority with the other fellow.

I once read a boy's book in which "poetic justice" triumphed after a sufficiently exciting series of episodes, and the young hero overcame every obstacle by a prompt and invariably successful application of the motto: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." The stagnation threatened from too nice a balancing of probabilities is as nothing in comparison with the petrifaction of any honest and clear-headed person who should wait until assured that he was right before going ahead. People seldom yield to an influence as stultifying as that which guided the hero of this book. But the adventurer goes farther: he does not even pretend that he is surer of being right than he can possibly be, but relinquishes the idea of assurance altogether, and so runs less risk of having to make a choice between stupid bigotry and hypocrisy.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his book *Orthodoxy,* speaks in defence of a fairy-tale world, a world of inextinguishable romance where the stupid routine of law may be shattered at any moment by a miracle, and where God, by perpetually doing the unexpected, gives the world an aspect of inexhaustible novelty which must seem uncomfortably like caprice. Chesterton finds in the Roman Catholic Church the satisfaction of his demand for adventure. But the trouble is that on such a theory the real adventure all belongs to God. We have no part in it, for it is altogether outside us, in our environment. The excitement of living in a world of miracle is a brand of excitement inferior to the risk and uncertainty in following our own thought with flexibility of mind. Personally, I should prefer to wander over the earth than to stand still while the earth rocked about me. If God came down to man, that was *His* adventure. But if I seek after God, in constant awareness that I may take the wrong turning and never find Him, or even that I may be seeking what is only a mist from my own brain, and yet spend all that is best of me in the search—that is *my* adventure. And the zest of it never grows stale in the mouth.

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WITH OUR SECRETARY OF WAR IN CHINA

BY ISABEL ANDERSON
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

It so happens that we have been in China several times, but by far the most interesting of our visits to the Celestial Empire was when we were there in the party of our Secretary of War, Honourable J. M. Dickinson. The Chinese Government laid itself out on that occasion to do everything possible for the Secretary in its efforts to show a desire for the good-will and good offices of the American people. We alone among the great nations of the world were not preparing to devour them piecemeal at the first opportunity. Our friendship had been fairly proved by the return of our share in the Boxer indemnity, and China was grateful. One of the forms which this good-will took was the giving of dinners, luncheons, and receptions in our honour.

Perhaps the most interesting personage whom we met was the brother of the Regent, Prince Tsai Tao. Officially, he was aide-de-camp to the Emperor, commander of the imperial bodyguard, and chief of the general staff. Personally, he was a man of about twenty-five years, keenly alive, of medium stature, with a frank, intelligent face, charming manners, and forceful character. In every way he showed himself a prince and to the manner born.

Prince Tao presided at the luncheon which the Board of War gave in honour of the Secretary and the men of his party. The account of it in my husband's journal runs something as follows: On the Prince's right sat Secretary Dickinson, on his left General Edwards, while opposite him was the Chinese Minister of War, General Yin Chang, who wore no queue [although this was before queues had been ordered off] and looked much like a German officer. Other high Chinese officers alternated with the Americans. It was a long table with about fifty covers. The Prince seemed pleased to be in uniform again—for several days he had been representing the Prince Regent in various civil functions, which he had found rather irksome, perhaps. Evidently the military profession was his choice and pleasure.

The luncheon was a very pleasant one—really an officers' mess on the special occasion of a visit from other officers. Prince Tao seemed anxious to get American views and suggestions, and invited criticism of the Chinese army. Toward the close of the meal he rose, and as is the custom in the presence of royalty, all the other Chinese rose, too. The Americans, it goes without saying, did likewise. Then, later on, when the Secretary got to his feet, the Prince followed suit. So it happened that nearly all the toasts and speeches were made and listened to with everybody standing. In a few words, evidently extemporaneous, and spoken with feeling, Prince Tao toasted the United States Army and its Secretary of War. After the Secretary's response, he made another address expressing his pleasure in entertaining the Secretary, recalling his own visit to the United States and hoping that he could rely on the aid of that country in making the new Chinese army.

After luncheon ideas were freely exchanged over the coffee and cigars, friendships were acknowledged and pledged, and good fellowship prevailed. The Secretary was told that this was the first time in the history of China that any officers of a foreign army had been thus honoured and treated. No such courtesies had been extended to any foreign general, whatever his rank, not even

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THE PARTY THAT LUNCHED WITH H. I. H. PRINCE TSAI TAO

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PRINCE TSAI TAO, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE LATE EMPEROR AND CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF

to Lord Kitchener on his recent official visit.

One of the most delightful evenings which we spent in Peking, and one full of real significance, was when the Society of the American Returned Students gave a dinner for our party. At a few days' notice they had got together a hundred men who in years past had gone to America to study. Some had been among those first sent out, forty years ago, and so on down to the cadet who had graduated at West Point the year before. I was surprised to find that they seemed to look back on their days in America with real affection and enthusiasm, for I had thought that we were not very considerate and hospitable to the yellow students in our midst. Even the women who had studied in America, and who sat in a row with our women on one side of the head table, seemed most loyal to their student days. The after-dinner speeches were as amusing and as good as any I had ever heard.

Some imperial ladies came one afternoon to a reception at the American Le-

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gation—Manchu princesses with lively, gay little faces smiling through coats of white paint and rouge. They were the Princess Pulun and the tiny Duchess Tzai Fu, made up in the most formal manner, with the carmine spot on the lip to make the mouth seem small and pouting. They toddled in on their high-soled shoes, balancing on their heads the extraordinary coiffure of Manchu ladies—great towering butterfly-shaped pieces with jewelled ornaments and bobbing sprays of imitation flowers. Their dress was lovely with its daring combinations of colour. To this same reception came also the fascinating small daughters of Liu, the Chinese Minister to England, their hair in queues down their backs, and clad in little jackets and trouser-loons. Likewise in Chinese costume but a "new" woman for all that, was Miss Yen, sister of the brilliant Doctor Yen, and clever as she could be.

One evening the women of our party were entertained by Lady Na, the wife of the Prime Minister, while the men dined with one of the cabinet ministers, Mr. Hu. I will give first the account of the men's dinner, taken from my husband's journal:

"The drive to Minister Hu's house was not as long as some of the excursions had been, and it took only a short scamper in the stuffy, rattling little carriages with the shouting *mafoos* scattering the crowds in the streets to reach the brightly lighted doors of his residence. There was a short passage into a courtyard and then an entrance into another court, where a little open gallery led to the reception rooms. These were partly European and quite plain, with ugly modern chairs and tables and rather poor pictures on the walls, but with cases of Chinese curios about—jades and lacquers and coins.

"After a time we passed into the dining-room with its Europeanised arrangements, its tablecloths and sideboards. But the dinner was entirely Chinese, the first real Chinese meal some of the party had ever tasted and so eaten under difficulties—by some—with chopsticks. As it was all quite informal, it was very jolly and enjoyable. Mr. Hu had been at many of the official entertainments for the Secretary, so we all felt quite at home with him. He was a squat, round-faced, jolly little Chinese gentleman, making jokes in quite good English.

"The meal, which was delicious, consisted of fourteen courses, on the menu, but others were added at the last minute to fill in the spaces, and all was washed down by gunpowdery *samshu* and *kaoliang* that looks so innocent but which is really chained lightning. The little cups were quietly refilled with the warm rice wine and the white bamboo liquor and cordial toasts were passed around the table between the Chinese gentlemen and those of our party.

"First we tasted the bits of smoked fish and bamboo sprouts and cold chicken that were already on the table in little dishes before each one. It is the custom in China to serve soup at the end of the dinner, but out of regard for foreign prejudice it came at the beginning on this occasion—chicken soup with mushrooms and quite as Chinese as bird's-nest soup, though it doesn't sound so.

"Then came roast fish in little bits in bowls, and delicious shark fins with cabbage. Turtle and pigeon and meat dumplings followed each other, then delicate ducks' tongues and bits of tasty ham in a sort of soup. After this came duck—Peking is specially famed for its duck, which is considered the best in the country; the crisp browned skin with its layer of rich fat is indescribably succulent. The bamboo sprouts which followed were said to be unusually good and were certainly very delicate and tender. Shantung cabbage hearts and chestnut pudding, with the extra courses, one of which was rice, brought the dinner to fruits, which are much like ours, and to sweets, among them sugared lotus seeds.

"After dinner the company retired across a courtyard, the side galleries of

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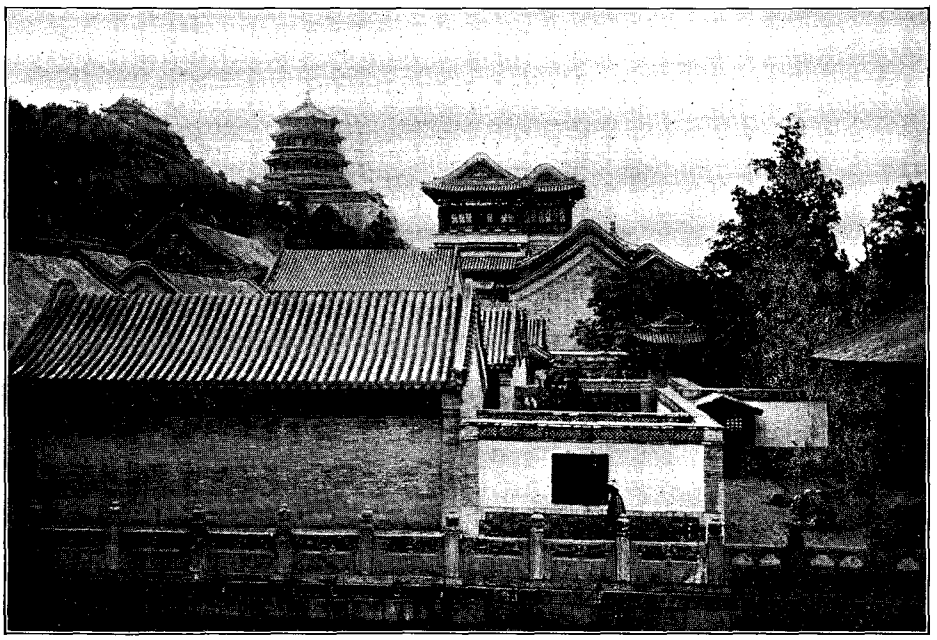
VIEWS OF THE SUMMER PALACE ON THE "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES"

"PAVED COURT AFTER COURT, ALL SURROUNDED BY GAILY COLOURED GALLERIES, WITH CORNICE DECORATIONS IN GILT AND MANY COLOURS"



"ALADDIN-LIKE PALACES AND PAGODAS . . . TWO HUNDRED IN ALL—AN ENCHANTED CITY WITH GOLDEN-TILED ROOFS CURVING INTO EACH OTHER UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE"

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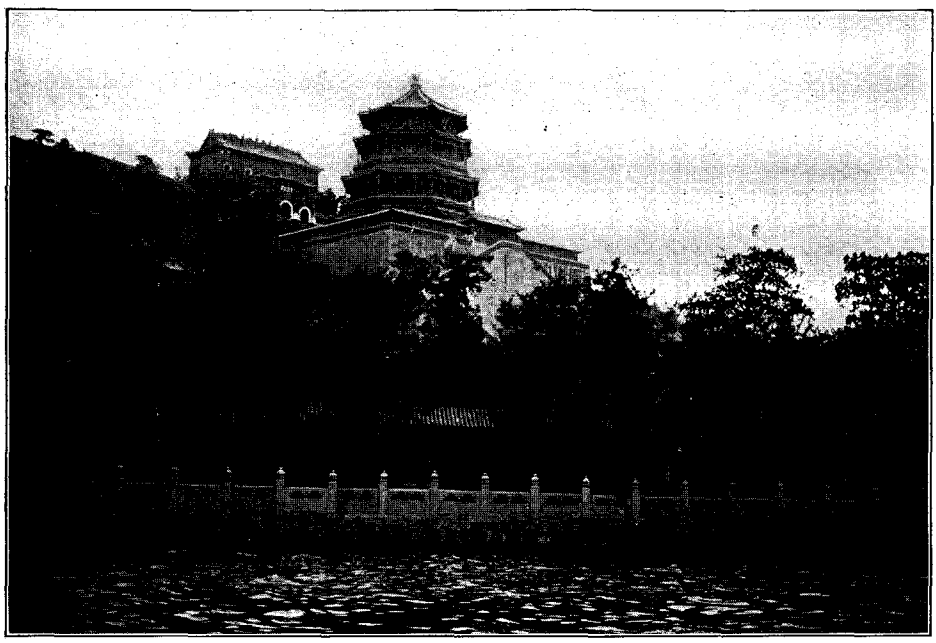
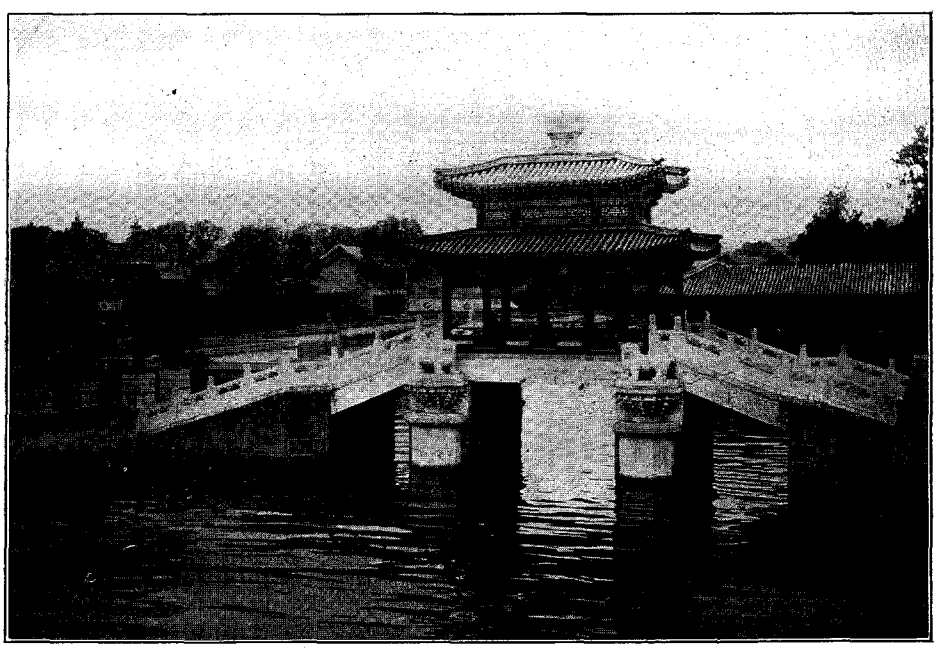
VIEWS OF THE SUMMER PALACE ON THE "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES"



"A WIDE TERRACE OVERLOOKING A CALM AND PLACID LAKE"



"A DREAM-LIKE PANORAMA OF ARCHING MARBLE BRIDGES AND BALUSTRADES, ISLANDS CROWNED BY KIOSKS AND TERRACES WITH PAVILIONS BUILT OUT INTO THE WATER"

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which were prettily hung with lanterns, to a pavilion where there were European things and a piano. Madame Hu, who had been partly educated in Virginia, came back from Lady Na's dove party and joined the men in the pavilion while they sang and smoked, showing indeed the new spirit in China.

"Before we left, His Excellency took us into another pavilion with an open fireplace and deep leather furniture that awakened waves of homesickness. Here he showed us his photographs of celebrities and friends. Then we passed to the outer court again and the short passages, and to our carriages, and so went rattling and jolting back to our quarters."

The invitations which the women of our party received to dine with Lady Na were written in black Chinese characters on a long piece of red paper. A translation was attached which stated that we were expected to arrive at five o'clock, and that dinner would be at seven. We were warned that it was not a Chinese custom to reply, but that we must appear with the invitations in our hands. As foreign women are seldom admitted to even the humbler homes of the Manchus, and as Lady Na was not only a Manchu but a personage of high rank, it was a rare privilege that was offered us by these curious invitations.

Starting off in carriages, we passed Chinese dignitaries serenely squatting in covered chairs carried by coolies, while outriders were going helter-skelter before and behind them on shaggy ponies. We rattled past carts drawn by mules, and jinrikshas bearing painted Manchu ladies, and Chinese women toddling along on their tiny broken feet. Bumpity-bump over the rough street we drove, while our driver snapped his whip and gave long calls which sounded like "Liar! liar!" We went under *pailos* and through thick-walled arches, past grey walls and pink walls, and the glorious yellow-tiled roofs of the Forbidden City.

Finally we drew up before Lady Na's house, which looked like any other on the outside—a long grey wall with a hooded entrance gate. Inside, also, we found the usual arrangement—a walled compound enclosing many courtyards and one-storied buildings, the latter often connected by bridges or covered passageways. Entering on foot we passed through one of the courtyards and into a second, where stood the stone screen placed in every house to keep out the devil, who, according to Chinese tradition, "can only travel in a straight line."

The devil seems to give them great concern. On the corners of the roofs were little curligigs which are supposed to be useful in tossing the devil up into the air when he slides down the tiles. Along with the little tile animals, the dragon and the phœnix, which represent happiness and prosperity, comes the mysterious hen, ridden by a man. She is supposed to give the devil a peck when he comes too near. The Chinese have built lofty pagodas to propitiate the spirits of the air, but their houses are all low, lest they interfere with these gods. For a long time there was a law forbidding any structure above a certain height, in order to prevent missionaries from erecting churches with towers.

Presently we found ourselves at the entrance to a charming paved court. There were potted green plants twisted into queer shapes, and small fruit trees with bunches of crab-apples and beautiful ripening pomegranates hanging from their branches. Lotus leaves floated on an artificial pond and bright flowers peeped at us between fantastic-shaped rocks. At this entrance Lady Na and her daughters stood waiting to greet us. They were noble Manchu ladies, and they looked like curious flowers in their long, light blue, straight gowns and short jackets, their faces whitened and rouged beyond belief, their black hair plastered down with oil and sewed together at the back, and surmounted by strange black satin topknots with flying buttresses. There were flowers in this

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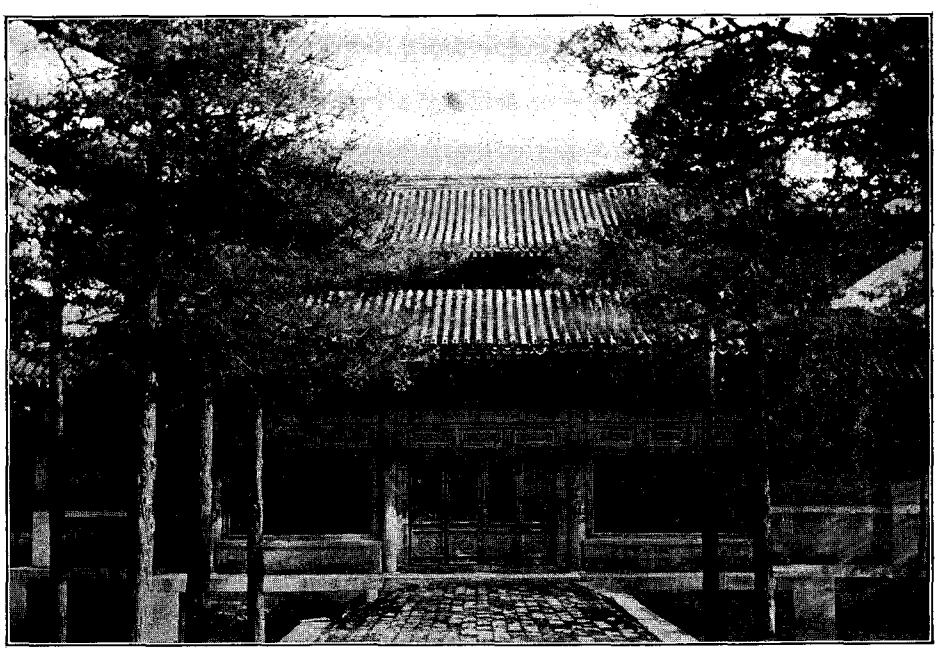
head-dress, too, and pearl ornaments striking out at different angles. We could easily believe what we were told, that such a toilet takes several hours in the making.

The Chinese ladies who soon gathered about us were costumed quite differently from the Manchu women. Madame Tsi, for instance, was in a short embroidered pink jacket with pink trousers, and her hair was oiled and coiled at the back of her neck with many jewels; she wore bracelets on her arms and precious stones about her neck. As a rule the Chinese and Manchu women do not associate much. These Chinese ladies all had natural feet, were educated in America and spoke English, while the Manchu ladies had little or no education. When they met us they all shook hands, but in greeting each other they slid their hands upon their knees and bowed low several times. We were escorted into a room where *amahs,* or maids, took our wraps, balancing themselves on their high shoes and trembling so in their excitement at seeing people from a far-off land that their mutton-fat jade earrings shook in their ears.

We were taken to the big seat of honour, made of teak-wood and marble, in the centre of which was a small table. Here we had tea for the first time—I say the first time, because we had been offered it at least five times in the different pavilions as we walked through the compound. Lady Na's daughters, who looked about her own age, were presented to us, and a small baby was also brought forward. Whether they were all her own children or not we were unable to find out, but we saw no other wives, though we were told that Chinamen or Manchus might have as many as they could afford to keep. If a man had several, they all lived in different parts of the same compound, each one keeping house by herself. An unmarried woman takes precedence over the married ones, for they say, "Perhaps some day she may be empress!"

The rooms through which we passed were all more or less alike: tables and chairs of teak-wood, a European oil



A HOUSE IN PEKING

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painting here, a piece of Japanese embroidery there; instead of "God Bless Our Home" there were poems hung upon the walls. On the stone floors, instead of the Golden Tibet Monkey Rug, which, as they say, "keeps the whole house warm," were only here and there a few garish European carpets. The house was cold, even in September, but in winter it is partially warmed by fires built under the large beds.

At last dinner was announced. The table was set for sixteen. It was quite European, with flowers and knives and forks. Course after course—wine after wine. Our hostess proposed one toast after another, saying, "I drink the glass dry with you!" This seems an appropriate moment to insert a couple of verses of what is said to be perhaps the oldest drinking song in the world—at any rate a very ancient Chinese lyric, written more than a thousand years before Christ:

The dew is heavy on the grass,
  At last the sun is set.
Fill up, fill up the cups of jade,
  The night's before us yet!

All night the dew will heavy lie
  Upon the grass and clover.
Too soon, too soon, the dew will dry,
  Too soon the night be over!*

It was rather a struggle to keep up the conversation. One end of the table was made gay by trying to teach a Manchu girl English, while some of us passed around our menu cards for the ladies to write their names on. Some of the Chinese ladies had been given English names, such as Ida or May, while others still kept their Chinese ones—"Fairy of the Moon" and "Beloved of the Forest." Lady Na would or could not write her name. Madame Tsi assured us that she had trouble with her eyes. After dinner, to our amazement, some Chinese music was played on the pianola, while more tea and cigarettes were passed. It was all very interesting and delightful, but when we drove back to the hotel at half past nine we were so tired and it seemed so late that we wondered why the sun did not rise!

*From *Lyrics from the Chinese,* by Helen Waddell.

This was perhaps the most novel experience the ladies of the party had while in Peking, and it well illustrates the transition period through which the country is passing, when some Chinese still wear the "cup of tears," as they call their tiny embroidered satin shoes, while others, who have studied in America or at mission schools, are leaders in the ranks of progress. One of these latter has gone so far as to establish a daily newspaper in Chinese for her own sex. Now that the Empire has fallen and China has become a republic the palaces and gardens belonging to the great Manchus may perhaps be seen by the traveller. But at the time of our visit they were still hidden from the world, as they had been for centuries. A favourite haunt of the old Empress was a beautiful garden, now called the botanical garden.

One is not apt to associate a chance for unusual experiences with a botanical garden. But there was nothing commonplace about our trip through the one in Peking. To begin with, various high officials and personages representing the Chinese Government met us at the entrance with chairs for the long excursion that lay before us. These bore us through endless zigzag paths that, curiously enough, reminded us of America with their beds of marigolds and red cockscombs on either side. Then we embarked on a flotilla of marvellous houseboats. These were really barges with pagoda-like houses on them painted in bright colours and with curling roofs. Inside they were gay with mirrors and many-hued trappings. All we needed was the Empress with eunuchs and waving fans to fill out the picture of Chinese splendour.

Skilful boatmen poled us along through narrow passages in a tangle of high grasses and lotus. At times we seemed lost in the mazes of the beauti-

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ful marsh as gay boatload after boatload moved through in procession. Finally, we landed near a high, steeply arched bridge, and passing some public tea houses came to a pavilion in a more secluded part of the grounds. This was the favourite resting place of the great Empress Dowager. It was approached by a long circling gallery and was divided into several rooms, all filled with curios which had belonged to Her Majesty. There were panels of jade and fine lacquers kept beneath glass on carved tables, but more interesting to us were the kakemonos painted by the Empress. She was a remarkable artist. Her work is often to be recognised, not only by the imperial seal, but by the lack of adherence to strict canons of Chinese art, which no one dared tell her she was violating.

After being given a cup of fragrant tea we were led on through devious paths and over steep bridges to another pagoda, her second resting place. This was much like the first, except that a small room with a round door contained a bed, built into the wall somewhat like a bunk in a steamer, on which the Empress used to rest.

By the shores of that lagoon,
Where the water lily lies,
Where the tall valerians rise
Slender as the crescent moon
Goes Hea Nan . . . .*

The Summer Palace of the imperial family is about eight miles from the ancient walls of Peking. We rumbled out through villages and fields and past deserted yamens until, drawing near this wonderland, we saw the endless walls and up-curved roofs of the country houses of the princes and high officials. They were grouped about a wide space full of trees, across which we drove to a small gate in the wall of a long row of out-buildings. Here we left our carriages and passed in on foot. Before us was a court, shaded by a grove of cedars and surrounded by walls and grey-tiled roofs. At one side was a pavilion where we were served with tea in fragile cups before meeting the officials who were to take us through the palace and grounds.

Opening widely from the court, and approached by a series of steps was a handsome building in which stood the reception throne of the late Empress Dowager. It was at the foot of this throne that the poor young Emperor was compelled to stand, on occasions of ceremony, in token of his subjection. He was the uncle of the last reigning Boy Emperor, and very clever and progressive. He was too progressive, that was the trouble, but he was not strong enough to carry out his plans against the old Empress. Two thousand years ago someone wrote verses which might perhaps have been put into his mouth, for they seem to suggest his plight:

I may walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl.
I had a plan would have saved the state,
But mine are the thoughts of a girl.

The Elder Statesmen sit on the mats,
And wrangle through half the day;
A hundred plans they have drafted and dropped,
And mine was the only way.*

From this building we followed a winding path among fine bronzes of phœnix and deer and storks till we came out upon a wide terrace overlooking a calm and placid lake. Here was reflected the Summer Palace in all its enchantment—a dream-like panorama of arching marble bridges and balustrades, islands crowned by kiosks, and terraces with pavilions built out into the water. Behind it rose the "mountain of eternity," of ten thousand ages.

From the terrace we entered a low, grey-tiled yamen—once the residence of the late Emperor—with paved court after court, all surrounded by gaily coloured galleries, with cornice decorations in gilt and many colours, and pic-

*"The Lady of the Lagoon," from *The Classics of Confucius.*

**Lyrics from the Chinese,* by Helen Waddell.

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tures and mottoes frequently repeated. As in all these royal houses, the private apartments were crowded with fine porcelains in open cabinets, so that they could be seen from all sides, jade panels, bronzes, and quaintly carved crystals. Everywhere there were clocks—clocks innumerable. The Chinese have a strange mania for timepieces of every shape and size, grotesque and ugly for the most part, but all proudly displayed in the midst of lovely Chinese curios.

Out we went once more, and up marble steps that gave us a wider view of the Aladdin-like pagodas. There are two hundred in all—an enchanted city with golden-tiled roofs curving into each other up the mountainside. The mountain itself they say was built of the earth taken out to make the lake. The groups of buildings rise one above the other, the great pagoda crowning all. This stands on a high, pink, terraced wall with groups of kiosks on either side. These have blue tiled roofs and decorations and are "just to finish the picture," as one of the officials explained.

Guards met us at the gate of the Winter Palace and passed us through into a paved court. The wall in front of us as we entered had once been red, but was now faded to a beautiful old pink, with plaques set into it carved with flowers and dragons' heads. Turning to the left we found ourselves in a walk shaded by fine old willow trees growing on the border of a lake.

But instead of having a single artificial lake, as the Summer Palace had, the Winter Palace had three—Pei Hai, Chung Hai, and Nan Hai. One of the ancient emperors called them the Three Seas. After the dust of our drive, the water was a cool and inviting sight. Boats, some covered, some open barges, awaited us at the stone steps of a landing, and we were punted down the shallow lake, through masses of lotus plants and beneath a beautifully carved bridge built of marble which was called by the reigning Emperor "Silver Line," a name that well describes it.

Landing, we went through a gateway whose red and green paint had been softened by time to a rich and beautiful effect and came into a lovely court shaded by fine old fir trees. From this court a flight of long, steep steps led to a temple. Within was one of the many-armed and many-headed gods. The view from this spot was wonderful. One looked out over the tops of the firs with glimpses of curved yellow roofs, large and small—some many-gabled, some straight with great dragons' heads at each end—and the blue lakes, with the beautiful marble bridges which looked more than ever like silver lines against the lapis lazuli of the water. The yellow-tiled wall with the drum towers stood out massively against the sky, while beyond lay the grey roofs of the city.

The interior of this palace was disappointing, for much of it was modern—the paint fresh in places. Especially was this the case with the two reception halls of the late Empress Dowager. Each hall had a throne with peacock fans on either side, with huge *cloisonné* urns for incense, and around the walls were pictures by the Empress's own hand, and large cabinets of teakwood with doors of Bohemian glass. Again there were hundreds of clocks, all of them garish, like everything else in the two halls, and quite of a piece with the new European chandeliers of red, white and blue glass.

There was court after court surrounded by the apartments of the Empress and her ladies-in-waiting. We were told that as Her Majesty was afraid of being murdered, she would not sleep two nights in the same room. Except for the two chosen ladies who had to sit up and watch beside her bed, none of her attendants knew which suite she would use. I believe these apartments have not been opened since her death.

(*To be concluded*)

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

GENEVIEVE AND ALEXANDRA

GENEVIEVE

DON'T look at me so much as if to-day
Were the last day on earth for both of us!

ALEXANDRA

Now for the love of heaven, dear Genevieve,
And for your love of me, and I'm your sister,
Say why it is that since I found this house
That all-mysterious little tongue of yours,
Which God gave you to talk with and so tell
Bewildered sisters and impatient friends
Whatever 'tis that ails you, tells me nothing.
You sent for me as if the world were dying
All round you, quite as mice do that are poisoned,
And here I am; and I'll be dying soon,
Of common ordinary desperation,
Unless you tell me more now in an hour
Than you have had me guessing in a fortnight.

GENEVIEVE

Dear child, have you no eyes?

ALEXANDRA

Two, Genevieve;
But they were never sharp enough to find
A way to make the man who married you
See more in me than in six hundred others.
I would have given half my fingers then
To make him look at me as if he saw me;
But it was you he saw, and you seemed frightened.
I wish the creature might have cared enough

"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Binner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davidson Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.

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To frighten me! But I was just a thing
With skirts and arms and legs and ears and hair,
Like all of us he saw—till he saw you.
You know it, and I say it. That's all over.

GENEVIEVE

My God, there's no beginning to some things,
Or I could speak. For two weeks I have waited
For you to make it easy to be hard;
And yet you tell me now that you have eyes!
Did you have eyes last night?

ALEXANDRA

I thought so.

GENEVIEVE

Yes?

ALEXANDRA

You are coming then to something, after all;
And that's a boon. But all you say, my dear,
Is not quite all you mean. You don't mean Her?

GENEVIEVE

I counted on you to find words where I
Find silence. Was that too ridiculous?

ALEXANDRA

You counted on my old unpleasant way
Of saying out what you find odious?
I understand, and I'll be generous.
I'm old enough, the good Lord knows, who gave me
A feature less than what I might have used
Of beauty, and you more than you can use;
Or so it seems. The good Lord's ways are past
Our delving, and we've each a book to read—
A book that has a leaf we'll not lay open
Till Time's old skinny finger does it for us.
It's all a game, and one Time plays with women
Who cannot meet the Lord half way. That's you,
My angel. There'll be something done about it;
Or there'll be waiting till Time wins again,
And then 'twill all be groaning, and too late.
For Time has had an eye on even you,
These years together. Don't forget old sayings,
For they are true and they have not much mercy.

GENEVIEVE

And what's this you are saying of old sayings?
It's not the old I want now, but the new.
I've had enough that's old. I've had enough—
Day after day of it. Do I look old?

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ALEXANDRA
Not yet; you needn't fret. But even at that,
There's time enough to tear the calendar
When days are dead.

GENEVIEVE
She's older than I am.

ALEXANDRA
She knows, my dear.

GENEVIEVE
She knows it, and he knows it!

ALEXANDRA
But that's not all she knows, nor all he knows.

GENEVIEVE
What are you saying now? What do you mean?

ALEXANDRA
I'm saying something new. Lord save us all;
I'm saying something new. You cried aloud
For me to do it, and you only ask,
"What are you saying now!" I'm saying this:
I'm saying there are men to take your gift
Of pride and ice and fear of being human,
And, having it, be happy all their days;
I'm saying also that the man you married
Is not a cave-man, or a cannibal
Who means to eat you pretty soon,—although
An alabaster shrine with now and then
A taper burning low, or going out,
Is not what he calls home or good religion.
He calls it something else, and something worse.
I'm sorry, but he does.

GENEVIEVE
And you defend him.

ALEXANDRA
Defence and understanding, as I know them,
Are not of a necessity the same.

GENEVIEVE
How do you know so much?

ALEXANDRA
I don't know much;
I know a little. I wish you knew a little.

GENEVIEVE
I wish you knew a little more.

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ALEXANDRA

You're crying!

GENEVIEVE

Well, if I am, what of it? I am not
The only woman who has ever cried.
I'm not the only woman, I dare say,
Who's in a cage, beating on iron bars
That even other women cannot see.

ALEXANDRA

Surely I see them—with a difference.

GENEVIEVE

How good of you to see them!

ALEXANDRA

Say no more,
My dear, until you are yourself again.
You tell of cages and of iron bars,
And there are bars, I grant you: bars enough,
But they are not of iron. Do you think
Because a man—a rather furry man
Who likes a woman with a dash of Eve
To liven her insensible perfection—
Looks now and then the other way, that you
Are cribbed in iron for the blessed length
Of all your silly days? Why don't you like
To see, with your magnificent sad eyes,
How much, and yet how little, you may do
To send that other one to Jericho,
Or some place else? I wish I had your face!
If so, you might be free now, as I am;
Free as a bird, and one without a cage.
O Lord, so free, so free! Some day or other,
When I'm at home, I'm going to throw a brick
At that superb tall monstrous Ching-Chang vase
In the front room, which everyone admires.
There'll be a noise, and that will make a change,
If nothing else. You made a change; and all
You get of it's a reason to be jealous.
Lord love us, you'll be jealous next of me,
Because your condescending spouse made out
Somehow to scratch my cheek with his hard whiskers,
To honour my arrival. He might as well
Have done it with a broom, and I've a guess
Would rather.

GENEVIEVE

I can only say again,
I wish you knew a little more.

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ALEXANDRA

I wish
You fancied not so much.

GENEVIEVE

Oh, is it fancy?

ALEXANDRA

Whatever it is, you've made it what it is.
I know the man; he wants his house to live in.
He's not the kind who makes another man's
Romance a nightmare for the humour of it;
He's not one to go leering everywhere
As if he were a spider with an income;
He's what he is; and you that have him so,
I see, are in the best of ways to lose him.
But who am I, to talk of him? You made me,
And you'll remember that. Now that's all over.

GENEVIEVE

You pat me as you would a little dog.

ALEXANDRA

Bow-wow!

GENEVIEVE

I wish you knew a little more.

ALEXANDRA

My darling, you have honoured me three times
By wishing that identical sweet wish;
And if in all agreement with your text
I say as much myself and say it louder,
You'll treasure to my credit, when I'm dead,
One faint remembrance of humility.
Although I don't think you are listening,
I'm saying I'm an insect. Do you hear me?
Lord, what a sigh!

GENEVIEVE

I hear you. Yes, I hear you.
And what you seem to say so easily
May be the end of wisdom, possibly.
And I may change. I don't believe it much,
But I may change a little. I don't know.
It may be now that I don't care enough
To change. It may be that the few lights left
Around the shrine, as you say, may go out
Without my tending them or seeing them.
It seems a jealous love is not enough
To bring at once to light, as I have seen it,
The farthest hidden of all mockeries

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That home can hold and hide—until it comes.
Well, it has come. Oh, never mind me now!
Our tears are cheap, and men see few of them.
He doesn't know that I know.

ALEXANDRA

Genevieve!
Say something, if you only say you hate me.
What have I done? Have I done anything?
It isn't what I said? I knew it wasn't.
Poor child, I cannot ask if you are right,
Or say that you are wrong, until I know
The growing of all this. Whatever word
You tell me now, although you find it hard—
And life has nothing harder than small words
That may not say themselves and be forgotten—
May prove at last, or soon, or even to-day,
The one beginning of deliverance.
No more, then. I'll not sting you for an answer.
Indeed, I may be wrong; and it may be
That you are not my sister any more.

GENEVIEVE

The farthest hidden things are still, my dear.
They make no noise; and we, in our poor turn,
Say less of them than of the common spite
We nourish for the friend who loves too much.
They come from where they live, like slender snakes,
And strike us in the dark; and then we suffer.
And you, my sister, of all women living,
Have made me know the truth of what I'm saying;
And you, as I'm a fool, know nothing more
Than what I've hardly said. Thank God for that.

ALEXANDRA

Why mock yourself with more unhappy names
Than sorrow shares with reason? Why defeat
The one safe impulse and the one sure need
That now are on their way to lay forever
The last of all the bogeys you have seen
Somewhere in awful corners that are dark
Because you make them so and keep them so?
You like the dark, maybe. I don't. I hate it.
Now tell me what it is you've hardly said;
For I assure you that you've hardly said it.

GENEVIEVE

You make a jest of love, and all it means.
I can bear that. The world has always done it,
The world has always borne it. Many men
And women have made laughter out of those
Who might as well have been in hell as here,

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Alive and listening. When love can hold
Its own with change, no more, 'twere better then
For love to die. Indeed, there might be then,
If that were all, an easy death for love;
If not, then for the woman.

ALEXANDRA

If that were all?
You speak now as if that were not enough.

GENEVIEVE

It seems it isn't. There's another corner;
And in that corner there's another ghost.

ALEXANDRA

What have I done? Have I done anything?

GENEVIEVE

Yes, you have made me see how poor I am;
How futile, and how far away I am
From what his hungry love and hungry mind
Thought I was giving when I gave myself.

ALEXANDRA

But when his eyes are on you, I can swear
That I see only kindness in his face.

GENEVIEVE

I'll send you home if you say that again.

ALEXANDRA

Be tranquil; I shall not say that again.
But tell me more about his hungry mind—
I understand the rest of it. Good Lord!
I never knew he had a hungry mind.

GENEVIEVE

He hasn't one when you are with him.

ALEXANDRA

What!

GENEVIEVE

I say he hasn't one when you are with him.
You feed him. You can talk of what he knows
And cares about. Six months have been enough
To make what little mind I ever had
A weariness too blank for his endurance.
He knows how little I shall ever know,—
He knows that in his measure I'm a fool;
And there is only—kindness in his face,
You tell me now. I'd rather be his dog.

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ALEXANDRA
What in the name of ruin, dear Genevieve,
Do you think you are doing now with words?

GENEVIEVE
I'd rather be a byword in the city,
And let him have his harem and be happy;
I'd rather live in hovels and eat scraps,
And feed the pigs and all the wretched babies;
I'd rather steal my food or starve to death;
I'd rather cut my feet off and take poison;
I'd rather sit and skin myself alive
Than be a fool! I'd rather be a toad
Than live to see that—kindness in his face!

ALEXANDRA
Poor Genevieve, that wasn't you! Your nerves
Are talking, and they don't know what they're saying.
Don't think that you alone of womankind
Have had these little fancies.

GENEVIEVE
Oh, stop that!

WHY ALSACE-LORRAINE WANTS TO BE FRENCH

BY JULES BOIS

THE question of Alsace is a weighty one for the peace of the world, for the honour of the world. All recognise that the Lorraines are French, that they are German subjects only provisionally by act of the Treaty of Frankfort; but the question of the French nationality of Alsace is brought forward by our enemies, who seek thus to stir up public opinion on the subject. Reason, justice, facts, however, prove that Alsace has been French, has remained so under the Prussian heel, that she must be French and that to-morrow will see for her the dawn of her deliverance. It is, moreover, of vital importance that America should study and so support the only legal, legitimate, solution of the Alsatian problem: the return of Alsace to France, because Alsace wants it, because France deserves it, because the whole civilised world—with America foremost—will judge it equitable and necessary.

If the Alsatians have never forgotten, we on our side have always remembered. We have, it is true, preserved an official silence for more than forty years, a silence which was broken by only occasional, individual, voices unable to bear this oppression. But the French nation had to maintain this burdensome discretion, not only, as Gambetta said, to guard inviolate what remained to France, but more for love of Alsace, in order that, under the yoke, she might not be, because of our protests, more sorely martyred. We thus sought, also, not to trouble the world-peace, in order

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that other peoples might never reproach us for the least overture, for having pronounced the lightest syllable to precipitate them into a frightful struggle. But to-day, when our age-long enemies have themselves imposed upon the universe the appeal to arms and to bloodshed, since the Old World and the New are by their crime shaken to their foundations, it is our right and our duty to speak; for silence would be no longer the part of wisdom and prudence, but of weakness and fear.

New York, the United States, holds a goodly number of Alsatians. Hunted by persecutions, they have come here to live and to work loyally under the protection of the American flag. These Alsatian emigrants are French, and the more French, I dare say, because they love and respect America, as the other Frenchmen love and respect her. But it grows more and more necessary that Americans should know the lot, the sufferings, the hopes, the demands of this little people from the borders of the Rhine who, like themselves, have made up their minds with all the pride and determination of which they are capable that they will dispose of their own destiny, and that no one shall tyrannise over them. The foundation of the American Constitution is that a government rests upon the consent of the governed. Children learn in school "Government by the consent of the governed." The Alsatians want only that they, too, may have their chosen government; and that is the government of France.

The return of Alsace-Lorraine will not be a conquest. It will be a free act of the Alsatians in order to become free again: it will be a *restitution* to France, a *liberation* for Alsace.

Geographically, Alsace is a long passageway going from the south to the north; bordering the Rhine, it forms an intrinsic portion of France, which has this great river as a natural boundary on the east.

Historically, France is of Celtic origin. So is Alsace. The Celtic origins of Alsace were proven first by Cæsar in his "Commentaries." When, in the year 58 B.C., Cæsar triumphed over the Germanic leader, Ariovistus, in the region where, later on, Colmar arose, he had been summoned by the Sequani, a Gallic nation, occupying at that time the Franche-Comté, and the Upper-Alsace. Cæsar elsewhere tells us of the Mediomatrices, Celts who had occupied Lower Alsace, but had been driven out by the Triboques, German tribes—the Mediomatrices who were obliged to cross the Vosges, and who became the ancestors of the Messinians and the Lorraines. This information, furnished by Julius Cæsar, is corroborated by recent archæological excavations. There have been found in Alsace Gallic tombs containing arms and pottery absolutely resembling that of the Gauls, and differing altogether from the pottery of the Gallo-Romans. The Gauls then indisputably dwelt there before the Romans and the Germans. What do I say? Upon the opposite shore of the Rhine, there are the same indications, proving that here, too, the Gauls were the first inhabitants. *The Rhine is Celtic,* at its right and its left, first Celtic, then Frank. Geographically and historically, by race and by the soil, Alsace is French from the beginning of history. There the Teutons were never other than immigrants. Before the war these facts were recorded by German scholars.

One objection arises, or rather has been planted by the Pan-Germanists. The Alsatian has frequently a German name and the language of the ordinary people is generally German. Therefore, the Alsatian would be German! . . . To this we reply that these family names are relatively recent. Names change. Did not Mr. Lazare Weiler propose recently in the Chamber of Deputies, that Alsatian names be Gallicised, as they had formerly been Germanised? On the other hand, the Alsatians who speak German have quite their own dialect, full of French locutions. It is no more German than Provençal is Italian, than Basque is Spanish and than the

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Flemish of the North of France is Dutch. Truly, it would be foolish and pedantic to dwell upon these insignificant details. It is not language, it is not even race which definitely establishes nationality. America, which speaks English, is American, not English. Like America, France is composed of different races which have mingled. We have in the North, the Flemings and the Normans; at the West are Bretons, Basques, Hispano-Iberians; at the centre, Auvergne is purely Celtic, as is Alsace for the greater part; the South is Latin and Greek with Provençe; from Italian stock are Nice and Savoy. But all these peoples have wanted to be French—they have not been conquered, they have given themselves freely to make France their fatherland, a fatherland become united many centuries ago. Each one has his place in the French mentality, to which he brings an indispensable element. Alsace's contribution is particularly that of meditation, of solid reasoning, of immovable firmness, of practical and positive good sense, and also the spirit of repartee and of clear-seeing satire. Americans know better than anyone what makes nationality, determines fatherland. It is a common will and a common conscience, led by the same ideas to the same interests, having the same laws, the same customs, the same solidarity, grouping irresistibly about the same flag, particularly when that flag is threatened.

The will and the conscience of Alsace have never ceased to be French. Her national character is completely differentiated from the German. The German obeys automatically. The Alsatian is fundamentally independent. The German has never possessed a sense of humour. Alsatian humour, recalling Gallic wit, is celebrated. Alsatian stories witness to this, as well as the caricaturists, Hansi and Zislin. Ask, for example, of an Alsatian why he has preserved a German accent, even in speaking French. He will reply: "Our invaders have taken everything from us, the accent is the only thing they have left us." Or again: "What is the difference between an accident and a calamity?" "If a Prussian soldier falls into the Rhine, it is an accident," explains the Alsatian, "but if he escapes, it is a calamity!"

Throughout the course of this war, the persecutions against Alsace have been beyond imagination. For an imprudent word, a woman of the people, ignorant and poor, was fined nine hundred marks. "But I can never pay such a sum as that!" she replied. The judge remarked that they would give her time; she could pay ten marks a month. Then the Alsatian granny began to count on her fingers, to see how much delay had been granted her. When she finished, she said, not without malice, "Then you hope to stay here such a long time!"

The anecdote of the silver mouse is well known. In an Alsatian village an invasion of mice was raging. To put an end to this, someone had the idea of offering to the church, as *ex-voto,* a silver mouse. A German traveller thought he would show his superiority by asking a peasant: "You believe that? How can a silver mouse have power to scatter a legion of living mice?" The cunning fellow replied, "Oh, certainly not, we don't believe that! For if we were persuaded of that, we should have made a Prussian in gold, and life size!"

The caricaturist, Hansi, was summoned before the High Court of Sessions at Leipsic under the accusation of high treason because of a satirical album of his drawings. It is reported that M. Clemenceau, upon hearing of his arrest, pointed out with his finger upon the cover of a copy of Hansi's book this *exergue:* "Ceux qui se souviennent" (Those who remember), and added: "No, never will they pardon those four words." There is, however, nothing provocative in these four words. They are innocent, natural, even reverent. But Germany had above all a grudge against the "Souvenir Français." She has already been vanquished in this struggle—vanquished by the chief

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"Souvenir Français": Alsatian humour.

To return to where we left the citing of successive influences Alsace has received. Alsace profited by Gallo-Roman civilisation for four hundred and thirty-five years: from the year 58 B.C., the date of the victory of Cæsar, until the year 337 of our era, the time of the new invasion of the barbarians. Rome placed numerous military posts along the Rhine as far as the river's mouth, and under the name of Argentoratum was founded the city which later became Strasbourg. Christianity was brought there by the Franks. The legend of Saint Odile builds itself about this event. Saint Odile, who, in spite of the paganism and brutality of her surroundings, remains true to her God, to her ideal and vow, is indeed the patron saint of both ancient and modern Alsace. She possesses all the qualities of her country, the chief ones being patience, fidelity and faith, virtues which are forces, invincible in war as well as in peace.

During the period following, that is, the Middle Ages, Alsace accepted from France notions of chivalric love, and of the *gay sçavoir*. This courtesy, this grace, these high sentiments, the idea of honour which spread abroad our *chansons de geste* and our Gallic Cantabiles, penetrated the province and were received there with enthusiasm. At this time Gotfrit of Strasbourg, author of the Alsatian text of *Tristan and Yseult,* which served Wagner, later on, for his dramatic and musical masterpiece, received his inspiration, the subject and even the details from our minstrel, Thomas de Bretagne. Alsace made even then a part of "Douce France."

While belonging to the Germanic Confederation for many centuries, the free cities of Alsace proudly preserved their autonomy. It was only on September 30, 1681, that the town of Strasbourg gave itself to Louis XIV. Thus was achieved the assimilation of Alsace, begun a century before by the French kings. At this date a most significant medal was struck off, bearing this inscription: "Clausa Germanis Gallia" (France closed to Germans!). Having to choose between the Holy Empire and our monarchy, Alsace chose the second, not without mature reflection. She had no reason for regret. The command of the Royal Government was "Touch not the things of Alsace." Under this régime, Alsace won unity and peace: she preserved her language, her customs, her religious and administrative liberty. In return, French civilisation penetrated more and more deeply by that force of assimilation, that educational power which emanates from our land. Involuntary propaganda, that! First the classic ideal, then the literature and philosophy of the Encyclopædists, afterward that quintessence of wit which the Salon of the eighteenth century represented, modelled the Rhenish province. Finally, as M. Georges Weil has noted, the principles of the Revolution ratified the definite union. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—this was already, long ago, the motto of Alsace.

So democratic and so republican was Alsace that she inspired in Rouget de Lisle our national hymn, which was an Alsatian hymn before it was called "La Marseillaise." This war song, which was adopted by the peoples and the castes aligning themselves against tyranny, was improvised one evening, words and music, at the salon of Mme. Dietrich, at Strasbourg, on April 25, 1792. It was in this family atmosphere, amid great enthusiasm, that those immortal strophes were conceived and perfected. In fact, if the two souls of Alsace and of France are in any way commingled, it is by the feeling that our country is the champion of national and of international justice.

Alsace loved Napoleon, admired him and followed him; she gave him Kléber, one of his great generals, the son of a mason, but a military genius. For the rest, the Alsatian has always been among the best of France's soldiers. To some who were ridiculing the Alsatian dialect, Napoleon replied: "Let them ex-

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press themselves as they like. They attack in good French."

At the time of the bicentennial of her union with France, in October, 1848, Alsace asseverated by the mouth of one of her orators, "We are all French, and we declare solemnly our will to remain so, *always.*" The Mayor of Mülhaus added: "This manifestation, essentially *popular,* will be for Germany, who lulls herself with such lying illusions about our sentiments of nationality, an unanswerable protest."

Even when France still owned Alsace, she had to protest against violations by her Teuton neighbour. The latter never forgave the Treaty of Westphalia. From the seventeenth century an unbridled propaganda accused Louis XIV of robbery and fraud. But, as you particularly here in America know, German propaganda has always failed to convince any except the propagandists themselves!

Might alone, assuming right, could snatch Alsace from France in 1871. We call to mind the protest, so eloquent and so simple, made by the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine before the National Assembly at Bordeaux: "Your brothers of Alsace and of Lorraine," they declared, "separated for the moment from the common family, will preserve for France, absent from their hearth, a filial affection until the day when she returns to take her place. The revindication of our rights rests forever open to each and to all."

Then began the great trial. Alsatians in vast numbers emigrated to France. In Alsace there settled down a constrained silence which Jacques Preiss called "the peace of the churchyard." However, with admirable energy, France reorganised her economic and military forces. Alsace hoped. . . . But, I repeat, we would not trouble the world-peace. After twenty years of patience and of memories, trampled upon by the victors, overrun by them, colonised by them, comprehending that she had been reduced, for resisting, to her own strength alone, Alsace took a stoical resolution. She tried to adapt herself to circumstances, to hold up her head, to live while defending herself peaceably by revindication and by toil. But the Pan-Germanist monster would allow not the slightest compromise, but treated the Alsatian as an inferior race.

Alsace had been a boulevard between Germany and France, when she belonged to us. German professors were well received at the University of Strasbourg. The Rhine province believed its mission to accord, to enrich with their different contributions, German culture and French civilisation. And France accepted this exchange. I have said that she encouraged Alsace. Under German rule, however, the fair dream, fanciful but so human, of conciliation between the two races, was crushed. Alsace became a fortress, a "glacis" against France. There our language was exterminated, the population was spied upon, terrified. The Saverne incident was the result of these hideous methods. A Prussian sub-lieutenant wished to compel Alsatian soldiers to spit upon the French flag and he insulted them with the infamous epithet, *voyou.*

From that moment Alsace comprehended that there could be no compromise between a free people and a nation which understands liberty neither for herself nor for others. The Alsatian state of mind changed. She had been "awakened" by France and for the centuries as M. Edouard Schuré has written: for France and for Europe, that were torpid with the pacifist's dream, Alsace became an untiring monitor. "There is no question of Alsace," declared Professor Delbrück in Berlin. M. Dumont-Wilden, a Belgian, replied with reason: "If this question does not exist for you, it exists for everyone else. Alsace is the *neuropathic point* of Europe."

No one would believe me if I were to tell all the truth concerning the persecutions inveighed against this unhappy province since the great war started in 1914. For the merest trifles more than three thousand years of prison terms

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have been imposed upon one population which had not even revolted. A calculation of those shot and deported is impossible. The Germans pillage, ravage, burn everything. They say themselves: "Here we are in the enemy's country." It is a rule of terror. People go out only when it is obligatory. One must beware even of one's servants. A gesture, a word, a dust-cloth shaken from a window, have caused certain persons to be condemned to death.

Everyone should read in the collection of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis,* the documents obtained from correspondence which was not intercepted. The zealous president of the society called Les Amis de l'Alsace-Lorraine in New York, M. Clément Rueff, is inundated by this gruesome correspondence which rouses the indignation of all who are made aware of it. There is not an Alsatian living in the United States who has not experienced some torment, some loss inflicted upon his family, left behind. You know the words of William II: "If I have to return Alsace to France, I shall return it *bald.*" The sublime response of a Strasbourg man is not well enough known. When questioned what he would do if this should happen, he replied: "Then we would say, 'Let Alsace perish, but long live France!'" Happily, neither Providence nor our arms will allow such an outrage to be inflicted upon civilisation. Alsace, hearing the canon roar in the Vosges, is certain now of her near deliverance and of her splendid future.

The supreme argument, which I have kept for the last, perhaps because it is the most striking if not the best, is that Alsace wants to be French because she prospered in France and *never in Germany.* For Germany, Alsace is merely a territorial aggrandisement, a cruel satisfaction of *amour-propre* and conquest. During nearly half a century of occupation, Germany neither knew nor could know how to profit by Alsace. No writer of note, no statesman, no man of military genius has risen out of Alsace for Germany. Alsace has, on the contrary, always succeeded in France. After annexation she gave to France, of her own free will, brave soldiers, eminent thinkers, "captains of industry," remarkable politicians. The first voice raised in France in favour of Dreyfus was the voice of an Alsatian, M. Scheurer-Kestner. At the moment when war was declared ten thousand young men crossed the frontier to join the French army. And what a reception did France accord to the Abbé Wetterlé, to Hansi, to Laugel, to Blumenthal, to Helmer, to Canon Colin, to Georges Weil, the deputy, and to so many others!

Without Alsace, not only French territory but the French mind would be mutilated. On the other hand, since the Germanic annexation Alsace has bowed under the yoke, suffers, loses her energies through internal struggle, in becoming, though by German immigration, a Germanic colony. She will be Alsace again only when she takes her place of honour in the French Republic. As said a soldier, "The reoccupation of Alsace by the French, is not a military expedition; it is a Crusade of Faith!"

I think I have said enough to make Americans, a generous and just people, realise that Alsatians are not Germans, that they want to be French, that they are French.

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THE CHURCH AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY: A PARADOX

SOME THOUGHTS IN SEASON

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

THE years have brought many changes, anxieties, responsibilities. My sons are fighting for the country, relatives and friends have fallen in the fight and if I look, as I try to, beyond the circle of my immediate personal interests I see confusion everywhere. The world is out of joint. Liberty, the object of our pursuit abroad, is denied to us at home, corruption takes a thousand forms and reaction a hundred disguises. All the tasks at which one has laboured for the social good, in face of opposition that after appearing endless was at last beginning to show signs of weakness, are at the point of collapse, while the physical effort that war work involves renders exhaustion complete. There is always the underlying consciousness that things will mend, that half the external darkness is the reflection of moods born of worry and anxiety, but the need for some haven of refuge is greater than it has ever been. I have turned to the Church and turned in vain. A churchgoer all through the seasons when only a still small voice summoned me, now that the call for what religion should afford has "waxed exceeding loud," I find that the Church has nothing to offer.

I do not claim to be right, but my judgment is my only guide and it tells me that the Church in all its forms should have stood outside and above war. If the devil had his admitted advocates and there were houses of worship to which those people might go who believe that in the long run, Evil and not Good rules the world, I should expect to hear that the devil's advocates were preaching regularly in praise of war and in honour of armaments. I should expect them to extol legalised murder in all its vile forms and even to plead for an extension of the area of madness, infamy and revenge. But when I go to church and hear ministers, duly ordained servants of the Man of Peace, delivering the same kind of message, I know at least that church is not for me. I am not entering into the vexed question of the ethics of the struggle that convulses and disgraces Europe, my sole contention in this instance is that the Church is not, must not be, a party to the strife. Combatants and non-combatants of whatever race or creed may well look to the ministers of their religion to stand outside and above the area of destruction and to remember that, whatever the vices and follies of rulers that have made war possible, it was not for mutual destruction that men were created. We do not know much of the Divine intent but there is in all of us something that grants this brief assurance. Even a sane king will admit that war is a crime against the world. He may even go so far as to condone it, but the Church may not. A king is not the moral mouthpiece of a nation, but the humblest priest is. We have sacrificed much for war, I doubt whether woman in all her long career as the toy or chattel of man has ever been called upon to pay an equal penalty, but I hold it is the failure of the churches that has demanded the last bitter sacrifice and involved us in the loss of the proper consolation of religion. If I had been a

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man and had taken service in the one army that even the anti-militarist may freely enlist in, the army of the Galilean, I think I could have found endless material for sermons just now. I should certainly have had something to say about the development of the natural brotherhood of man, of the artificial boundaries of states and the evils arising therefrom, of the evils of kingdoms and autocracies and of the truth that no man is born with hatred of other men in his heart and that every one of us is a pilgrim along a road that leads from the darkness whence we come to the unknown whither we travel, so that we should comfort one another on the journey and lighten rather than increase its burden.

I should have pointed out that love is the mainspring of peace and that if we would seek it we must learn to love and to forget our hatreds. I should have insisted upon our personal responsibility and pointed out how one man or woman who radiates love even in the humblest circle is doing Christ's work and is more fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven than the most gifted statesman who to enlarge his master's boundaries seeks to promote strife. I think the Sermon on the Mount would be almost as often upon my lips as in my thoughts, and if I spoke of the war at all it would be to show it as the price we have paid for autocracy, capitalism, greed and the lack of thought for others. I would endeavour to teach my people that they have the remedy within their grasp and that they may hope to grasp it only when every man and woman has realised his individual responsibility toward life.

I should not expect to achieve any startling results from my simple discourses; but suppose for a moment that every place of worship within the zones of war were delivering a similar message, that from church or tabernacle, chapel and cathedral, mosque and synagogue the same vital truths were issuing. How long then would the religion of hate prevail over the religion of love? How long would the non-combatants remain unprepared for peace, unready for brotherly love, unwilling to turn to their plowshares and sickles in place of their swords and spears? It seems to me that sick Europe cries aloud for a physician and that those who are appointed to minister to a mind diseased are deliberately encouraging the patient's hallucinations. I am not thinking or writing exclusively of my own country, my view embraces every kingdom that strife has marred or is marring. I should not preach peace though I would pray for it. I should not take sides for I accept the certain truth that every man believes in his heart that his rulers were forced into war against their will and are fighting for some cause not alien to morality and justice. Knowing this and realising that, unless Satan holds the world in fee, all the combatants cannot be in the right, I would take refuge in the eternal verities, in the religion of love and the theory of individual responsibility. And even though such efforts, multiplied throughout the length and breadth of Europe, did not avail to establish peace a day earlier than it will come now, I should know at least that peace would find a world more ready to receive it, a world conscious of sin, error and heavy punishment, a world in which the victor would be no less humble than the vanquished and equally eager by dint of self-sacrifice and good-will to do what may be done to heal the wounds of war. In the East, where the world consciousness of God was born, where the followers of the ancient religions coeval with primitive Judaism and long antecedent to Christianity look on in disgust, our world war has filled the devout with amazement. The Hindu, the Buddhist and the followers of lesser known creeds have come forward and rebuked us, pointing out that the great philosophers and saints of whom we know all too little so trained their people that love and not hate rules their lives until the end. We stand rebuked by those who, we thought, knew less than we do,

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to whom we said in all confidence that the revelations had been incomplete.

My thoughts travel as I write to the last occasion on which I entered church. The vicar, an educated, travelled and honourable man, who labours faithfully according to the mixture of prejudices, prepossessions and conventions that are as a lamp to his feet, preached what I would term a raucous sermon. He praised war as a holy mission. He told the childless parents and the stricken widows that they had done gloriously in giving their best beloved as a sacrifice to the Lord. There was no pity in his voice, only triumph. I remembered a passage: is it in Isaiah in which that stern prophet declares that God does not require burnt offerings or the blood of innocent animals, for His and His alone are the cattle on a thousand hills? A contrite spirit is more than sacrifice. Had the vicar forgotten? Apparently he had. Quite enthusiastically he demanded further sacrifices. Had everybody gone? Was it not possible to find another man or two? Were the eighteen-year-old lads getting ready for service? Was every available penny given to the countless parochial funds that have steadily, regularly, mercilessly impoverished the widow and the fatherless throughout the winter? Here at least was no uncertain voice. Let us arise and kill all our enemies, let us rejoice in the cost, let us repay. And across the words that seemed to jar me from head to foot there came to me another phrase that the good man had utterly forgotten—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." It was utterly horrible, the peaceful village church with its gathering of working men and women and the little children who listened as though bewildered. Yes, the garb was the garb of the servant of Christ and the voice was the voice of the recruiting sergeant. I knew that the doors of the church would close for me with the Benediction.

On all sides I hear the same protest. Other women weighed down by sorrows that I share in no small measure told me the same story of ministers of Christ who have entirely missed the supreme needs of the hour, who have chosen to be what they call patriotic rather than ministers of God. It has been left to the nonconformists, as far as I can understand, to see the light through the darkness, to grasp the truth and spread it. They have nowhere been unpatriotic, but they have understood better than the Established Church that their business is not with patriotism but with religion. They have found a hungry people and have given them food, a sorrowful people and have consoled them. Doubtless there are priests in large numbers within the fold of the Establishment who have remembered the sacred character of their mission and its innate unworldliness, but it can hardly be possible that I and so many of my friends who have sought for a measure of peace in religion should have failed so utterly to find it if the right sort of minister had been in the majority.

While panic and retrogression were limited to the governing classes it was bad enough; if the Church fails us completely in the time of bitter need, what is left to look for? I ask myself whether the national character is changing and am consoled by hearing that I am not the only absentee from the church, in which all my sense of what is right and decorous and devout was outraged. There were others who have found no spiritual nourishment in the call for vengeance, blood and sacrifice. Without protest they, too, have crept silently away to find what they may of religion in the depths of their own hearts. It is a sign, or so I take it, that the spirit of the people is alive, that love is still more potent than hatred, and that the rank and file of us throughout the country are sound at heart and will not welcome or applaud any war that is not directed against the abuses that mar and restrict the proper fulness of our daily lives. We regard strife as an evil thing, world war as madness, and in so doing we do but anticipate the judgment of those who will in the end admit

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we travelled a little in advance of them. But even though we be militarists, convinced that it is good for every man to be a soldier and all civilisation an armed camp for all time, it is yet permissible to declare that we do not wish our ministers of religion to depart from their appointed way. Theirs is to act as effectively as they may in testifying to the work of the spirit, to fashion, stimulate and direct the better side of our lives. We need them at all times, in some fashion and to some extent they should influence us all. Deliberately we arrange that war should pass them by: if they go to the army or navy it is as witnesses of God, not as combatants. It is intolerable to us that they should fight in purely mundane causes. Surely if any priest while serving in the ranks vowed to the Man of Peace feels so deeply stirred by his country's cause that it seems of higher import to him than his own great calling, he has the remedy in his own hands. He can resign from the Army of God and substitute khaki for broadcloth. We can respect the soldier, we can honour the minister who serves in the glorious ranks of army and navy chaplains, but the man who seeks to kill the enemies of his country with his mouth, who is more bloodthirsty than the soldier to whom death and wounds are a part of daily life, does not help his country—I believe he injures it. The bloodthirsty civilian has no place in the scheme of things until the army cannot accept one more recruit.

Ministers of religion, even though they know it not, are on their trial just now and in the near future a verdict will be given by those to whom they minister. In the memory of the living there has been no graver need for their services, never has the world held so many wounds that defy physical healing. It is a tragedy that with the vast increase of our spiritual needs there should be this sudden failure of spiritual solace, and the danger to the Established Church is a very real one. There are tens of thousands who even in the days of peace were profoundly dissatisfied with the seeming inability of the Church to keep pace with life. They recognised its complete failure to anticipate progress but they remained faithful to the Establishment partly perhaps on account of the convention or intellectual indolence but not a little in the belief that the Church could and would rise to the height of any supreme national crisis. How do these people stand to-day, where will they stand after the war? There is another class, the people who supported the Church because it went hand in hand with the State, who had never realised its vital function because they had never realised any of the facts of life. It looked to the Church to baptise its babies, marry its sons and daughters and bury its dead. Perhaps for the first time this class has been stirred to its depths, for war is no respecter of persons. The veneers of life have been torn away throughout all the social strata, we are face to face with the raw material. Will even those who asked no more of Church than the performance of certain stereotyped duties, the repetition of fixed and unalterable phrases remain content? They are the class that rents pews and supports bazaars and is good to Lazarus as long as he covers his sores and touches his hat, if misfortune should have left him one, while fully convinced that he had his appointed place in the scheme of things. Essentially a class with no comprehension of war, they have been engulfed with the rest. Will they regard the failure of the Church with equanimity or, just as our enemies believe that a German God ugly and implacable is fighting for them, do they believe that a Divinity equally repellent is on their side? I can only ask the question. The answer is beyond me, but I cannot point to the thinking, responsible classes of the community that will be able to say when war is over, "the Church of England was a present help in our time of trouble."

One by one the material forces on which we placed reliance have failed us.

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The fabric of commerce interwoven from China to Peru, from London to Vladivostock fell to pieces in a day, cosmopolitan finance made no sign, Internationalism was powerless, the working men of the world, who make the money that builds the arsenals and the guns the arsenals produce, were swept asunder each into his own particular camp. Kings and ambassadors, ministers and men of affairs were as chaff in the wind and Europe plunged down a steep hill even as the swine did at Gadara and for much the same cause. We passed through a time when women could no longer turn to husbands or sons for comfort. That was the supreme moment when the Church should have revealed itself, a light in our darkness, a comfort in our distress. It should have pointed to the Power that stands so high above kings and strife and yet within reach of the poorest of those who suffer from both or either. And I hear on every side that the Church has not understood or at least has not fulfilled its primary function. It would almost seem that many churchmen have left the Bible and sought guidance in the worst examples of the daily press, that they have been fearful lest they might be deemed unpatriotic if they did their duty, as though their particular beliefs and inclinations concerned their congregations. I would not suggest that we in this country have monopolised failure. It seems to be widespread not only in other countries but among the followers of other faiths, though it is not possible to speak of this without precise knowledge, and this unfortunately is lacking.

I confess frankly that I believed in the present power of the working classes to stop war and was bitterly disappointed, but I was still more distressed when the churches of whatever denomination failed either to protest or to endeavour to calm the passions that war excites. Roman Catholics have complained to me as bitterly of the attitude of the Pope as Anglicans have complained of the bishops who, with a very few notable exceptions, have murmured platitudes or remained mute. The few men in conspicuous places who have done their duty cannot leaven the vast mass that has deliberately taken sides and brought the atmosphere of the recruiting meeting into the pulpit. I think that in England nonconformity has proved the safety-valve and that the Church of England will be in the future, far more than in the immediate past, the asylum of a steadily dwindling minority. Yet, guided by powerful intellects and a high spiritual purpose, what might it not have done to make the present more bearable and the future more hopeful? I do not ask for peace propaganda; that would have been as far outside the priest's province as his present glorification of war and revenge. I ask for the spiritual lessons of the war and particularly for some prevision of the conditions to come.

Every student of life knows that this war will provoke movements that are in their essence revolutionary, that the whole social outlook must be changed, that the entrance of women into the conduct of affairs is well-nigh inevitable and that the working classes, whose sufferings and labours have in nowise been recompensed by the high wages paid to a minority, are going in the near future to assert themselves and claim their rights. Surely the pulpit might have been turned to advantage in preparing the minds of the people for the great changes in store. Surely it should have emphasised and developed faith in the brotherhood in man, for pointing out that war is one of the terrible forfeits we pay for, blunting the fine edge of public opinion and degrading the public sense of right and wrong. I do not find, though I have made patient inquiry, that the Church has concerned itself with these matters. It leaves them to the few publicists who can say what is in their minds without incurring the blind wrath of the censor. As an instrument for social regeneration the Church simply does not exist. The powers that belong to it of right have

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been abandoned, the clergy do not lead the people, they are content to follow them.

That the failure of the Church will react upon the state, to which it is so closely allied, appears to me to be a self-evident proposition. The state has been weakened by the suppression of the national liberties in a fashion and to an extent that would have appeared impossible three years ago even to the old-time Tory. The Church, never very strong in the life of the present generation, appears to lack the courage needed to do more than express the views of the ruling powers on matters with which Churchmen, as Christians, have no proper concern. Our ultimate success in the hideous strife that now engages us may mitigate the resentment felt toward the state; it cannot, I think, help the position of the Church, for the unhealed wounds of the spirit will be sore long after all curable bodily ailments have been set right. In the season of change that is upon us, men will not look to the Church for guidance; they will, for the most part, act as though it had no place in the national life.

I am not going to suggest that the Church seemed destined even before the war to play a big part in social changes, already long overdue—my point is that the war offered this opportunity, among many others, to the Church and, had it been a living body, active, virile, keen to do its work, such an opportunity would have been grasped eagerly. But at the moment when the spirit of mankind was chastened, when humility had taken the place of pride and there was an active quest for the haven of spiritual repose, the Church had nothing to offer. Its bankruptcy, long suspected, was tacitly avowed. Those who went empty returned as they came. Healing there was none, foresight there was none, outlook there was none.

I do not claim to write as an expert on these matters, but merely as a person of average intelligence and capacity who has searched and has not found, who has inquired of other and still more earnest searchers only to find that they, too, have been baffled in their quest. After all, it is not the few lofty intelligences that count in this country. The great, silent body of the people makes and unmakes laws and fixes the bounds beyond which its rulers may not trespass. As a member of this body I have thought out the case and have presented it without passion or rancour in the light that it has been shown to me. My one sense of active grievance is that I was a churchgoer and that whatever my present needs I cannot go to church.

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RUSSIA RESURGENT

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I. "HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON"

EVERY day is adding new details to the august vision of a great nation shaking off its age-old fetters, a vision which has in late weeks blazed up before the eyes of the startled world. Under the magic brush of an invisible master the glorious picture of resurgent Russia is rapidly emerging out of confusion. Whatever may be the final outcome of the revolution, it is now certain that the old Russian régime, this apocalyptic beast of modern history, was and is not, and that the dazzling wings of true Russia have finally broken the chrysalis of a Byzantine-Pomeranian state-apparatus. Surely, a generation to which it has been given to witness this great wonder is not without merits.

These last years have been to numberless hearts one sunless, cruel winter. To use an expression which Heine applied to the French Revolution of 1830, the news of Russian freedom came like "sun-rays wrapt up in printed paper." It has brought to the world a new hope and a new promise. The vintage of wrath is not as yet trampled out and the world still lies in darkness, but what happened in Russia in the last few weeks makes us vaguely feel that the dawn is roaming just below the sky-line. The Russian events have added immense assurance to the hope that the providential purpose of this world war is to purge mankind of the impurities and poisons which have accumulated in both its flesh and spirit. And is it not heartening to think that the hands of those rulers who are guilty of precipitating this war, will, in all probability, not sign the peace treaty?

II. THE NINTH WAVE

The inside story of the recent Russian revolution has not as yet been fully revealed to the world, and no small part of its inner mechanism is still shut from view. The intimate connection between the present war and the overthrow of the old régime in Russia is, of course, beyond doubt. The trials of defeat wrought deep changes in the spirit of both the people in the rear and the army at the front, and it is this new psychology that found its expression in the wonderful events of the historical week of last March, which henceforward will forever be sacred to all mankind. It may be said, therefore, that it is the world war that furnished the fulcrum of the lever which has overturned the most infamous of historical tyrannies. In this connection it will be remembered that the two main reform periods in modern Russian history, that of the sixties of the past century and that of the years 1904-6, came in the wake of disastrous and humiliating wars, which laid bare all the rottenness of the irresponsible bureaucratic rule.

The effects of the war alone cannot, however, account for the revolution, no more than the food shortage which was the immediate cause of the uprising in Petrograd, or the discovery that the governmental camarilla was working against the nation's cause. The wrath of the people, excited by the crimes of the Sturmers, Protopopovs and the rest of Rasputin's creatures, was to be the ninth wave, the fateful wave before which the ancient stronghold of darkness and iniquity crumbled into dust. But other waves went before the last, decisive roller, and although they knew no victory it is their seemingly vain onrush that made possible the final triumph. It must not be forgotten that the crimson thread of a movement for political and social democracy runs throughout the history of Russia in the

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nineteenth century, not to speak of later years. Revolution is *the* Russian idea, the inner atmosphere of the Russian soul, the living nerve of its mysticism. It assumed the forms, now of opposition within the law, now of a free protest; at times it manifested itself as a religious movement among simple folk; it permeated the literature and tinged the speculations of philosophers. Its roots plunged into the very subsoil of the Russian soul, with its passion for social justice and its deep yearning for the new Jerusalem of mystic visions.

Ever since the middle of the sixties a revolutionary propaganda for an armed uprising has been going on in Russia. Until the nineties the movement was confined to groups of youths who belonged to that glorious race of fanatics of the ideal, without which our earth would be but an unhallowed place indeed. With the industrialisation of the country, the factory population of the large cities became the main revolutionary force. At the same time the movement was gaining ground also in the rural districts, so that when, in 1905, the proletariat struck for political freedom the peasants arose for "Land and Freedom," and this old battle-cry of the Russian Revolution resounded throughout the country. The insurrection was crushed, but not its spirit, and in the summer of 1914 the country was again astir with discontent. The Liberals were openly expressing their dissatisfaction with the Government, and barricades rose again on the streets of Petrograd. The war suddenly turned the minds of the public away from the revolution, which in the opinion of Alexander J. Guchkov, at present Minister of War and Navy, was inevitable.

The fall of Russian autocracy is thus the crowning of the valiant efforts of several generations, a happy end of a long tale of desperate strife, devotion even unto death, and martyrdom. The triumph of freedom in Russia once more testifies to the truth that the blood of martyrs is an indestructible seed.

III. JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS

The extent to which free Russia is indebted to the Revolution of 1905-6 is aptly illustrated by the fact that the Duma itself is the main palpable achievement of those tragic years. Radical Russia had no enthusiasm for this institution. A creation largely of Count Witte, the "Liberal Broker" of the Government, it was so ruthlessly curtailed in 1907, when the bureaucracy was recovering its spirit, that it became a mere decorative detail in the ensemble of Stolypin's "Constitutionalism." Yet in spite of all its functional limitations and in spite of the *sans-façons* with which the Government treated it, the Imperial Duma was a great asset to the cause of emancipation. Indeed, this makeshift of a legislative body represented the country, at least in principle, and it was evident that in the hour of crisis it might become a mighty tool in the hands of the people. The recent events did bring out all the potentialities of this political body which the autocracy had reduced to complete helplessness.

And, at that, the part the Duma played in the recent events is rather surprising. Elected like its predecessor, the third Duma, on the basis of the law of June 3, 1907, which gave the majority of vote to landowners and large capitalists, the political body was on the eve of the war swayed by extreme conservatives and rabid reactionaries. Its behaviour seemed to justify the saying of Premier Kokovtzev—who succeeded Stolypin in 1911: "Thank goodness, we have no parliament." A prominent member of the Constitutional-Democratic Party, when asked what were his wishes for the Duma, answered: "To perish with honour, rather than drag on a fruitless existence." But the Duma did not perish, it was destined to become the midwife of the new-born democracy in Russia.

For the majority of the Duma deputies, as well as for many other conservatives, this war has been a journey to Damascus. On the outbreak of the hostilities the Duma voted a resolution of

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confidence in the Government. A year passed, during which the conflagration of the war lit up all the corruption of the bureaucracy, and when the Duma, after a long interval, was convened on July 19, 1915, its temper was entirely changed. They frankly opposed the cabinet, on which they placed the responsibility for the Galician retreat as well as for a number of other crimes of inefficiency and corruption. Yielding to the insistent demands of the Duma and people, the Government made a stab at co-ordinating its efforts with those of the public forces. Before long, however, it changed its policy again, and ever since the end of 1915 it wavered and vacillated, swayed by the mysterious "saint" Rasputin and other "dark forces" which worked behind the curtain.

Meanwhile, the legislative body was gaining authority and asserting its will to control the destinies of the nation. The various political parties and social groups, including the extreme conservatives, were being welded together. Everybody was welcome, even those who came at the eleventh hour. On August 25, 1915, all the Duma parties, except the extreme Right and the extreme Left, formed a coalition known as the Progressive *bloc*. Most of the members of the Provisional Government and the revolutionary cabinet of ministers co-operated in this *bloc* for upward of a year. On its session of November 26, 1916, the State Council, which is a kind of upper chamber, lent its support to the demands of the Duma, namely, first, that the influence of the "dark, irresponsible forces" on the government be completely removed and, secondly, that an efficient cabinet be formed which would co-operate with the legislative bodies and enjoy the confidence of the people. Five days later the congress of United Nobility, the traditional stronghold of the autocracy, voted a similar resolution. It was becoming more and more obvious that the Government was betraying the nation's cause by working for a separate peace with Germany, and that the country was heading straight for a disaster. Then Rasputin was assassinated by a group of aristocrats, but the bureaucracy did not heed this warning. All the means of parliamentary warfare were exhausted. The historic hour was drawing near. The workingmen of Petrograd, aided by the students, rose against the Government, the army went over to the people, and the Duma became the headquarters of the revolution. The rest of the story is known.

IV. A SOCIAL REVOLUTION

The tragedy of Russian history of yesterday was the lack of solidarity between the various social classes which were arrayed in opposition to the old régime. Only once, namely in October, 1905, did all the elements of the nation succeed in uniting against the bureaucracy. But after a while the landowning and industrial classes, frightened by the excesses of the movement and its socialistic tendencies, betrayed the cause of political freedom. This circumstance, coupled with loyalty of the troops to the old order, accounts for the failure of the first Russian revolution. As far as it is possible to judge at the present moment it appears that the new-born democracy is not being threatened by internal dissensions, which might lead to civil war. Whether this is due to wise leadership or to the danger of a Teutonic invasion, the amount of friction among the different elements of the revolution has been so far very small. All Russia seems to be united in a determination to back up the programme of the Provisional Government, which is that of thoroughgoing democracy.

It is certain that the ferment of social revolution is now at work in Russia, just as it was a decade ago. The Socialistic doctrine, either in its pure Marxian form or mingled with home-made communism, strongly appeals to the Russian. The labour movement in Russia dates from the middle of the eighties, although the Russian Social-Democratic Workingmen's Party was founded only in 1898. A little later came into being

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the party of Socialist-Revolutionists, which advocates the immediate socialisation of land. How strong the Socialists are there, may be seen from the fact that in the Second Duma seventeen per cent. of the House were professed Socialists and that a considerable portion of the Left (Labourites, and so forth), who made up about twenty per cent. of the deputies, were also Socialists. These results were obtained in spite of an electoral system which was highly undemocratic and which, furthermore, aimed at making it practically impossible for the workingmen to elect a representative from their own midst. In addition, the elections were manipulated in every possible way by both senate and administration, so as to eliminate the undesirable candidates. It is not improbable, therefore, that the Russian Socialists may get the majority in a House elected by universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage. There can be, however, no question of turning the vast empire into a socialistic State, for the simple reason that Russia is still a country of small industry. The majority of the Socialists are well aware of this. Their manifesto, issued on March 27th, declares that "the present state of society no doubt precludes the possibility of changing the present revolution into a social one." One need not, however, be a prophet to predict that in the near future Russia will become the field of daring social experiments. The Slav genius, which has hitherto been confined to the domain of pure art, will branch out into the vast field of social reform.

The gravest problem of the new democracy and one which is fraught with great danger is the agrarian question. The Russian peasant believes that the land belongs to the tiller. Ever since the Emancipation Reform of 1861—which to him was a "forged freedom," since the Czar left a large portion of the soil in the hands of the gentry—he has been dreaming of the day of justice, when his rights to the land would be vindicated and his land-hunger satiated. The Socialists would solve the problem by confiscating all the land owned privately and distributing it among the peasants, or rather the peasant communities (*obshchinas*)—for until recently communal land-tenure prevailed in Russia. The bureaucracy, on the other hand, tried to appease the peasant by various half-measures and small concessions, not to speak of casual punitive expeditions and the usual knout. Believing that a class of small landowners would be loyal to the existing order, Premier Stolypin decided to break the *obshchina,* this ancient institution which had been the pride of the Nationalists and in which socialistic doctrinaires saw the germ of a communistic state. In 1906 he passed a law which practically encouraged the peasants to demand the community that the land under their cultivation should be given over to them for individual proprietorship. This measure hastened the process of disintegration which communal land-tenure had been undergoing spontaneously, but of course, it has only increased the number of landless peasants consumed by land-hunger. One of the first steps taken by the Provisional Government was to confiscate the vast estates which were the private property of the Czar and his family. The present Government will be forced to take other equally radical measures for the appropriation of land for the peasants, but the socialisation of land in Russia is hardly more practicable than that of its industry.

V. UNITED STATES OF RUSSIA

The form of government which is to take the place of the overthrown autocracy will be determined, as is known, by the Constituent Assembly, to be elected by universal suffrage. The present state of the public opinion in Russia unmistakably points toward a republic. This form of government is favoured not only by the radicals but also by the liberals. Half-measures, compromises are not after the Russian's heart, his delight is in drawing the extreme conclusions from premises. Of course, there is the Muzhik. The Russian peas-

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ant is commonly believed to have a semi-religious devotion for the Good-Father-Czar, "who occupies in the popular consciousness a place next to God" (the words occur in an official report on the revolutionary movement, published by the Ministry of the Interior). That these alleged monarchistic leanings of the peasantry are little more than a myth, has surely been made evident in these late years. Confident of the loyalty of the peasants, Count Witte arranged the Duma electoral system with a view to giving the peasantry ample representation in the legislative body. The Government was unpleasantly surprised to find that an overwhelming majority of the peasant deputies in the first two Dumas were pronounced radicals. According to the latest despatches from Russia, many peasant meetings have voted resolutions for a republic.

If there may be some uncertainty as to whether the country is going to do away completely with monarchy, it is now beyond doubt that Russia is well prepared to become a self-governed people. One of the favourite doctrines of the Slavophils was that, in the words of Konstantine Aksakov, "the Russian nation, lacking the political element, had separated the state from itself and does not wish to rule." On the other hand, it has been a standing argument on the part of the officialdom—whenever it stooped to argue—that the people are not prepared for a constitutional régime. Recent Russian history has most conclusively refuted both the official and the metaphysical argument. Of course, the mass of the peasantry is largely illiterate, although not as hopelessly as it is commonly believed. But the Russian peasant has an experience in handling public affairs which, for instance, the French peasant of the pre-revolutionary period lacked completely. A peasant community in Russia is in many places a rudimentary self-governing body with more or less regular meetings and a definite jurisdiction. Nowhere else in the world is communal feeling as strong as in rural Russia.

An excellent training in the handling of public affairs has been furnished to men of all classes by the zemstvos. This institution, created in 1864, in connection with the abolition of serfdom, consists of provincial and district councils elected by private landowners, peasants, and certain classes of townspeople. It is, at least theoretically, independent from the local administration. The zemstvos were always a thorn in the side of Russian officialdom, and they had to work in an atmosphere of hostility on the part of the Government, yet they did yeomen service to the country in improving local economical conditions and also in spreading elementary education. With the coming of the war, the activities of the zemstvos have enormously grown. Working hand in hand with the municipalities and the co-operative organisations—it is interesting to note that according to the number of co-operatives, Russia occupies the first place in the world—the zemstvos have been clothing and feeding the army and supplying it with ammunition. The war has also brought into being new public bodies, the so-called War-Industry Committees, organised in all the industrial centres for the purpose of mobilising the resources of the country. The meaning of the recent events in Russia is clearly indicated by the fact that the head of the new national cabinet, Prince Georg E. Lvov, is the President of the All-Russian Union of zemstvos, which coordinates the efforts of four hundred district councils, that A. J. Guchkov, the present Minister of War and Navy, is the President of the War-Industry Central Committee, and that the Czar's provincial governors have been made to surrrender their places to the chairmen of the provincial zemstvos. The political forms and institutions which were to supplant the degenerate bureaucratic machine were in perfect readiness, awaiting their turn, as it were. The Russian Revolution was truly the birth of a new order, the last act of a long process of political and social growth.

Some of the adepts of the republican

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form of government have pronounced themselves in favour of organising Russia on the pattern of the United States or the Swiss Confederation. Russia represents, as is known, a conglomeration of races and nationalities. The traditional policy of the government was to persecute all those who did not belong to the sovereign Great-Russian race and in every possible way to outrage their national feelings, thus engendering much discontent among the Poles, Little-Russians, Lithuanians, Jews, Finns and others. The last two rulers had brought this Russificatory policy to diabolic perfection and polluted the annals of Russian history by unspeakable crimes committed against entire peoples. The inhumanity of such a policy is exceeded only by its folly. Whether or not the great Eurasian empire will become the United States of Russia, the ruthless policy of denationalisation has been abandoned forever; complete equality of opportunity and freedom of development is assured to all the various peoples which go to make the country. An independent Polish state, formed of all the territories where the majority of the population is Polish is a certainty, as well as a self-governed Finland, and a free Jewish people. This emancipation of the Jews, which liberal Russia has always earnestly advocated, is in itself an event of primary historical importance. Armenia, Lithuania, and Little-Russia may also become autonomous political bodies. "Russia is not a State, but a World," said a Russian statesman. The liberation of Russia is the liberation of a world.

VI. BROTHERS IN ARMS

The revolution was in a sense a war measure which the Russian people took in the interest of the successful prosecution of the war against what Georg Plekhanov, the venerable leader of the Russian Socialists, called the *bestia triomfante* of German imperialism. This war is for Russia a question of life and death, just as it is for her allies. A German victory means the economic enslavement of the country for many years to come, and also probably a monarchistic restoration. Russia will fight for her future and for her newly acquired freedom "to the Urals—and beyond." If Petrograd is taken the capital will be moved to Moscow, and that the capture of Moscow is not the end of the country has been conclusively proven a century ago.

When this war is over Russia is likely to become a mighty factor for world-peace, which means a complete change of her foreign policy. Russian militarism had a twofold basis: it fed on the lust for conquest, which is natural in an autocracy, and on the necessity to secure Asiatic spheres of influence for the big industries whose output could not be disposed of at the undeveloped home markets. The revolution has done away with the first cause and will in all probability annul the second. In the opinion of liberal Russia, the country reached its natural limits of expansion long ago, and a war of conquest conducted by democratic Russia is unthinkable. The proclamation of the Provisional Government, issued on April 10, declares that "free Russia does not aim at the domination of other nations, at depriving them of their national patrimony, or at occupying by force foreign territories." In order to understand how the Russian big business interests will be eventually affected by the change of the régime, it is important not to overlook the fact that the bureaucracy, partly wilfully, partly by sheer incompetence, has been hampering the economical development of the country in every sort of way. Russian big industries, which are largely artificial growths, sought foreign markets because political conditions had kept back the growth of home markets. The liberation of the country will give a mighty impulse to its industrialisation and will thus lessen the imperialistic appetite of the capitalists.

This means, among other things, that the enthusiasm of the imperialists for a Russian Constantinople will be considerably abated. That the possession of

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Constantinople is an age-old national dream of Holy Russia, is one of those ideas which are as false as popular. It is true that an ancient Russian chieftain nailed his shield to the gates of Tzargrad (the Russian name of the Byzantine capital), and that this city plays an important part in the speculations of contemporaneous Russian mystics and imperialists. But Constantinople never was the Holy City of the Muscovites, as it is now so often asserted in the non-Russian press.

For quite a few generations to come Russia will abandon all thought of an aggressive foreign policy and concentrate on her momentous home problems. "Our country is large and plentiful, but there is no order in it." These famous words, which open, as it were, the annals of Muscovite history, might be well applied to contemporaneous Russia. The task of upbuilding the vast country is tremendous, and the energies of the Russian people, loosed by the revolution, may not be equal to it. Here is a vast field for American capital and experience. Russia counts upon the assistance and sympathy of the American people. The recent events have revealed a deep spiritual kinship between the two great democracies, the oldest and the youngest. There is a striking similarity between the ideas underlying the proclamation of the Provisional Government and those expressed in the Declaration of Independence. And now that the two peoples are brothers in arms, the union between them is bound to grow closer than it ever was. Free Russia is surely "a fit partner for a league of honour."

SNAPSHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS: HEWLETT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

TAPESTRIES. . . .
Tapestries such as Yseult
Might have woven for Tristan;
Arras and verdure, Courts of Love;
Cinque-cento fantasies and grotesqueries!
Tapestries cunning with anachronisms:
Venus geared with a pshem
And Mars with hauberk and cracowes!
Tapestries after the dark cartoons
Of a Stuart or Velasquez;
Tapestries smacking of sun-drenched Sorolla,
Enamoured of the gipsyings of Borrow!
Tapestries flowered, tissued and purfled,
Undulating with the folds
Charming but often distortive
Peculiar to tapestries!

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THE YEAR IN POETRY

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

ALL the glamour about our present renaissance of poetry carries with it a palpable danger: the danger of disintegrating criticism. My belief is that the year 1916 may be the pivot upon which the art of poetry in America will advance or recede. Poets are born—but fine poetry is encouraged by public patronage and appreciation. Neither patronage nor appreciation is to be had from the public, if criticism poisons the art at its root. The tradition of criticism is nearly always the attempt to do this: Francis Jeffrey stands as the typical example of the destructive critic, who gave us no insight into his personal knowledge of life, and now nobody reads him except out of curiosity; Charles Lamb is a typical example of the creative critic, who seeks in his author a contact with life: he is not erudite but human, he measures rather than judges, and so we never cease to delight in his wisdom. With these examples, the right aims of criticism ought to appear quite positive. Contrary to popular belief—and the theory of literary individuals—criticism is not a judgment of literary styles and materials, but an interpretation of life through the creative use of language and expression. Not the form, but the substance is the main thing. Life is supplemented by expression. Facts are never visualised except through spiritual recognition. Form—conventional or free—with literary or colloquial diction, is nothing but a chaos of words unless the theme or subject which it gives being to has glowed to the "Let there be light" of the imaginative emotion.

The year 1916 witnessed the development of the present growth in American poetry to the point where a critical reaction will be fatal to its further progress. This renascence, now firmly accepted by everybody as a definite movement in American life and literature, was fully a decade coming to maturity. It grew upon the fostering appreciation of the few who created a hearing for the art; that hearing established an audience, and the audience quickened the creative impulse of the poets. The Renaissance became a fact. The corollary to all this has been the evidence during the past year of an impulse to criticism which has taken hold of the poets themselves.

The last decade, while poetry was developing, criticism as a function of appraisal did not exist. There was, of course, a body of critical writing in America, but when it concerned itself with poetry, it dealt mainly with the past. This critical writing, which could praise Keats and Shelley, Poe and Emerson, would have hesitated to commend comparable poetic virtues in Hovey and Moody, even if a self-reliant study of contemporaneous values had been bold enough to hazard opinions. What Arthur Symons was doing in England nobody dared to do in America. Joel E. Spingarn gave comforting assurance ten years ago, in promulgating the ideal of creative criticism, that America need not lack an accomplishment in disengaging contemporary literary values. It was Europe and not America that recognised Dr. Spingarn's humane scholarship. America chose to go barren of interpretative writing, dealing with contemporary literature.

Now, as I have said, there is an incipient critical utterance, mainly the work of a few, and led by poets who have until very recently been out of touch with the current of American art, and it gives warning of being destructive. It is for the good of the art of

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poetry that it intends to be destructive —so it claims. It is dogmatic, as all such criticism is. It denies taste to those who differ in opinion from itself, forgetting the proverb *de gustibus non est disputandum*. It clings to the tradition that artistic standards must be imported, and in applying those standards compares American poetry to a disadvantage with English and European poetry, forgetting that in all essentials of life, experience and culture America is fundamentally and superficially different from Europe; and it has never yet in all the examples I have read of this criticism understood the vital matter of substance and spiritual qualities, or given one-tenth of the attention to ideas and emotion that it has to questions of style and form, and to the discussion of rules and tradition.

The influence of this kind of criticism can do more harm to American poetry at present than any other influence whatever. The harm it does is by misrepresenting the art. If the public heeds such criticism, audiences will diminish, and the consequent discouragement of the poets themselves will produce a decline in creativeness. It must be realised that no poet to-day works and starves in obscurity till chance or influence brings a patron to reward him with fame and a competence, as was true in the past; fame and fortune for the modern poet are the gifts of public recognition and appreciation, and if these do not come before youth advances to that vague borderland where it is lost, the modern poet gives the best of himself to other things. That poets have made money during the past few years is no proof that poetry to-day is less an art than a profession, but under the dispensation of modern democracy it *does* prove that poetry must make good business to flourish as an art.

I will not admit that there is any such thing as a *new* poetry; there are *new* aspects and meanings to life, and poetry, eternal as the primary instincts of man, finds new symbols, images, and personalisations to express and interpret them; and so with the old formulæ of poetic forms and diction, old formulæ of criticism become inadequate by which to judge the new embodiments of poetic art. The fundamentals of criticism may be in Aristotle as the fundamentals of poetry are in the folk chants of antiquity and the communal chant of primitive peoples in the world to-day; but Professor Saintsbury has shown that centuries of practice have made the function of criticism a subtle evaluation of life in dealing with the direct evidence of creative literature; so poetry has advanced from the oral communal chant to a highly developed organism in which formal diction and forms of fixed patterns are more or less standardised. Art is the evidence of spiritual forces in man's nature working through experience, reflective and active, and criticism is a luminous annotation of this evidence, defining through interpretation the degree of intensity in which the evidence presents the artist's attempt to realise truth and beauty.

Criticism has always lagged behind creation; which is natural, since it must first have a body of evidence upon which to work. When it does catch up it begins to pound with the guns of orthodoxy; it brings precedent and tradition as tests, and not finding the progressive era of new art adhering to the fundamentals of a past period, it fails to understand the impulse and aims of the new conceptions and embodiments. The first urge of incomprehension in art is to attack the thing that cannot be explained in the common terms of the particular artistic medium, and so this criticism at once begins a destructive career. In orthodox criticism there is more energy than reason, more blind logic than evocative enthusiasm. In this you have again the contrast of Jeffrey and Lamb. The same intellectual temper which applies orthodox criticism to contemporary work will change its method when applied to the art of a past era and will come forward with a creative exposition of literature.

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Contemporary painting, music, architecture and the drama have been fortunate in having trained creative critics in America, but poetry has lacked such interpreters. I do not mean to say there has not been an occasional essay here and there which practised this method. And yet poetry is the one art through which America has nationally influenced European culture,—there will immediately come to the reader's mind the influence of Poe and Whitman in England, France, Italy and Germany—is the one art which during the past decade has brought the American spirit into the international comity of Western culture, though receiving the least critical attention of the interpretative kind. The future of American poetry depends seriously upon the present and future quality of criticism. I have the greatest faith that the quality of that criticism will be creative. A significant editorial recently printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript* on "Our Consumption of Art," suggests the hopeful tendency of American criticism in general, and it cannot be so general without concerning itself with the art of poetry in particular. "Ever and ever," it said, "the course of the advance in criticism is away from the exposition merely of the forms and of the technique of the arts and on to the exposition of the emotions and ideas—to the spirit of the artists who determined and created these forms. . . . As this type of criticism increases in America, we shall be nearing the day when its value will tell in America's power to create art, for this critical insight informs its audience what are really the qualities of soul, of mind and of character which sufficed to the production of great art."

In the nineteenth century American poetry was differentiated by locality, though it was only in New England that a group rose to the dignity and influence of a "school." The tradition of the New England group was English, its artistic culture was a provincial branch of British art. The culture of the northeastern seaboard about used up the nineteenth century in completing the exhausted reign of British ideals over the art in America. In Walt Whitman was the declaration of poetic independence, but it was not until 1900 that his thoroughly American principles were confederated into the spiritual constitution of native poetry. The two most conspicuous figures in American poetry at the end of the last century were Hovey and Moody; Moody reacted to European influences, in style and conception he adhered to the traditions of British culture; Hovey carried on the spiritual and emotional revolt of Whitman, and while refusing to go as far as the latter in the matter of form, yet practised an elasticity in the use of fundamental rhythms which gave him all the prestige of an innovator. He was the first link in the chain of continuity which America was creating in the art of poetry.

To-day American poetry is differentiated by aims, principles, and forms. Physical boundaries, in determining the character of expression, are obliterated. There are, of course, centralised forces, but they are forces of individual power, rather than propinquity of ideals. There are *tendencies* and *schools;* and they are struggling against each other for predominance. This is a state of affairs that has never happened before in the history of American poetry. And it proves two things that are of the utmost importance: first, that the condition of American poetry is persuasively healthy, and secondly, that a continuity is defining itself underneath the shifts and changes of expression,—showing a rooted poetic impulse in the American people that is going to grow and develop into larger achievements of which the present accomplishments are only the significant and convincing indications.

The present accomplishment, if we take the year 1916, has variety in the individual and unity in the group. It is not with any arbitrary intention that I have arranged the volumes supplying the text for this article into three

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groups. Two groups are American, and are opposed in the matter of form, though in the instance of a few poets we find them utilising two methods of expression, and sometimes producing a hybrid form of rhythm. Some of the work of Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher is of this character, and in each case the practice is a purely literary device rather than a natural and colloquial rendering of spoken sounds. Amy Lowell employs this form, too, and it is an effort to produce scale values in colour and sound, a combination of exact pictorial and emotional effects. Robert Frost may also be said to produce this form; but if you study his blank verse closely, and particularly the idioms of his lyrics, it will be seen that it is not a literary innovation that he achieves but the unconscious tone of colloquial speech in which the *sense* of sound moulds the rhythmic outlines. But this middle ground—on which stand some others that are important though not as notable in actual results as those I have mentioned—is flanked with work that is tenaciously conservative and traditional on the one hand, and work that is radical and revolutionary on the other. Within both these limits of expression—the formal and free—there is a range of inventiveness that might furnish a thesis for the erudite, *but should be of little concern to the true lover of poetry only where, in either case, the invention fails to communicate adequately and appealingly the substance dealt with.* So much for the matter of form. It becomes a fallacy when you conceive it to be anything else than a kind of function performing through symbols the revelations and evocations *enjoyed* by the individual. After all it is only a medium, and as such must obey laws, but these laws, generally well defined in the abstract, change æsthetically in their manifestations, and the most convincing artist is he who can penetrate the veil of secrecy that surrounds them and force their elements into service.

The third group of volumes are made up of the English poets. I separate them from either of the American groups to contrast both form and interest. As to form they are all working in the main current of English poetry. Certain distinctions they possess, a subtle verbal ease, not common to the conservative American group. This gives them a quality of magic that is delightful—a quality that is mellow, atmospheric, retrospective. This is offset in the work of the Americans by magical glamour, by a fiercer tussle with the issues of life, a vibrant sense of the destinies that envelop the mind and soul of man, and a stronger personal reaction to normal experience. It is a difference of culture, not spirit, that contrasts this English group of conformists from the Americans, but the advantage is certainly not all on the side of culture. It may produce a ripeness of art that has charm and distinction, but it loses a freshness, a buoyancy, a flexible adaptation of mood and sympathy toward the fermentations of new life. The anarchistic principle must violate culture to propagate a new and vivid content in poetry. Abercrombie, considered by many the greatest of all living English poets to-day, Masefield and Gibson, have done this. Behind them for the most part is a welter of clean workmanship, illumined here and there with a special quality of one kind or another, which can set no fair claim to be as good or better than our contemporary poets in America.

The spirit of the American conformists is a greater element of poetic strength than the culture of the English conformists. Beauty it regards as desirable, but truth is essential. And it is very largely this motive which has made so intense a response on the part of the American mind to the new art forms. That other group of American poets who practise free verse or *vers libre* have emancipated emotion for the full exercise of the intellect. Here the situation is similar to the situation among the English poets of to-day. The anarchistic principle has not only

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violated form but made substance yield a new significance. It is to art what the liberal influence has been in latter-day English politics. The particular merit of this group, mostly carried by two or three strong figures, is an intellectual advance over their contemporaries in both England and America. However is regarded the forms in which they write, they have revived a note of romanticism in American poetry, and given to its expression a stimulus that will impart a tone to invention of whatever pattern, and make it worthy of the intense substance which is the fibre and texture of our national existence. The thing criticism should remember when it considers American poetry to-day is, that it must be studied as *American poetry*. It is already a little too old to be regarded as an experiment, and it is yet too young to render a judgment as to its ephemeral or permanent character. But it is worthy of the highest appreciation and the most sympathetic interpretation, because it has seized upon and embodied aspects of character and life hitherto unrealised in rhythmic expression, and registered them upon the spirit of the nation.

(*To be concluded*)

In next month's issue, Mr. Braithwaite will take up in detail a consideration of the work of some of America's leading poets.

SPRING FAITHFULNESS

BY MARY B. KOLARS

When winter fell upon the mould,
Two winters came to me instead:
Your coldness seemed to me twice cold
Because the friendly sun was dead.

And all the flying thoughts a-roam
For you upon the double storm,—
My heart, in pity, called them home
To comfort them and keep them warm.

But now the woods are April-wet
Where May-buds open wistfully,
And soft winds from the South are set
To blow the spring across the sky.

And all my thoughts of you awake
In warmth of sun and gentle rain,
To leave the nest my heart would make,
And seek you through the world again.

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THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

II. POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

POLITICALLY considered, Syria is the cradle of the Arab movement; educationally, too, Syria is one of its most vital centres. Not at home, however, but abroad—in Cairo, in Paris, in Geneva, where young Syrian intellectuals, Christians and Mohammedans, were free to work—was the movement first launched.

I said in my preceding article that in Arabia the revolution is principally of a religious nature, while in Syria it is principally political. But under this outward phase there are various educational forces, native and foreign, that have been shaping the Syrian mind for the last fifty years and more and preparing the people for the coming struggle. The school, though under strict surveillance in the old régime, has nevertheless been the fulcrum, so to speak, of the political lever. In an article to follow I shall show how the fulcrum was forged and shaped; how it was used; what there is in it of foreign and native ore; how they were welded together, and at times mysteriously handled. In this, an attempt will be made to describe and analyse the lever, the different bodies and forces that weighed upon it, bending it at times to a breaking point, at others falling under it, but ever as by a magnet drawn to it to be manipulated by the various agents interested in its work.

These agents are three: namely, the Arab nation, the Ottoman Government, and the European Powers. For every movement of the Arabs, especially the Christian Arabs, depended upon, or was instigated by, one or more of the Great Powers of Europe. That is why this Arab question is so complicated, so fraught with conflicting interests, and is of great significance in its final and proper solution to the whole world. It is at bottom a question of whether Islam shall have again a strong empire and whether, in such an event, the hegemony in Islam shall be acquired by the Arabs or the Turks. In either case, where will the Christian Arabs, the Syrians, stand and what part will be allotted to them in this new politico-religious enterprise? In trying to solve this problem Europe will find itself again face to face with that ancient breeder of untold evils, the Oriental Question.

The Oriental Question, indeed, was itself the cause of all the wars between Turkey and the European Powers and the many wars between these Powers themselves. And what botch-works of peace, what ill-designed treaties, what international quackery, what astounding political combinations, what unnatural alliances has it produced in the past. It might be said, too, and with justice, that the Oriental Question is in a great measure the cause of the European War. But this does not enter into the present discussion. What it is with reference to Turkey and the Powers, however, it behooves us to understand.

The Oriental Question has been defined as a struggle between Turkey and her Christian population on the one hand and between her and Christian Europe on the other. It arose from the belief, as ancient as the Crusades, that a Mohammedan Government, no matter how liberal and benevolent, is incapable of administering justice and affording protection to its Christian subjects. And this, for some time, has been the sincere belief of Christian Europe. Hence the intervention of the Great Powers, principally France, Austria and

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Russia, in the interest, we will admit, of the Christian population of the Ottoman Empire as well, it must also be admitted, as in their own. For protection implies the exercise of authority; authority implies power; and foreign power in a state often fails of its initial purpose and is likely to engender a form of despotism more pernicious in its effect than the one it aims to destroy or restrain. And thus, to a great extent, the European Powers themselves have been responsible for the unhappy condition of the Christians of Turkey. In their name, and ostensibly for their welfare, they obtained large concessions of the Ottoman Government and extensive spheres of influence and authority, which they had to maintain; and in the maintaining of which they often lost sight of the very people in whose interests they were acquired.

And so, the belief that a Christian people under Mohammedan rule should be sponsored by a Christian Power, degenerated into a tradition; tradition, in self-defence, resorted to diplomacy; and diplomacy, when it failed, resorted to arms. The Turks were alternately bullied and cajoled; and the Christians were made to serve now as pawns on the board of statecraft, now as weapons in the hands of compelling force. And neither the Turks nor their Christian subjects, it must be said, could have been considered as real beneficiaries of any scheme the Oriental Question engendered. They both at one time or another were humoured by the Powers, pampered, spoiled; they both were deceived into the belief that so long as the eye of Europe watched over the destiny of the Ottoman Empire, its existence as well as that of its Christian subjects was safe and secure. At all times, however, thanks to the jealousies and rivalries between the European nations, either party the oppressed and the oppressor, had always one or two of the Powers to rely upon. And every time the various interests of the parties concerned conflicted and threatened the *status quo* of Europe, the Oriental Question came up for discussion and solution.

It was often discussed, to be sure, but never solved. On the contrary, it became more complicated in the course of time, especially when the Europeans began to settle in Turkey. The Powers then had their own subjects besides the native Christians to protect. Hence the many concessions that were wrested, by diplomacy or by force, from the Turks, as well as the law of capitulations that was abolished when Turkey entered the war. Hence, too, the rivalries among themselves for spheres of influence in the Orient: they all seemed to need markets for their goods, outlets for their growing industries, strategic points for their armies, coal stations for their navies, lands for their increasing population. And whenever one nation obtained an advantage, political or industrial or military, over the others, protests were made to the High Porte, no longer in the name of the Christians, but in the name of that fiction of diplomacy, the balance of power. They threatened, too, and resorted to arms when friendly representations failed. But the Turks have often succeeded in playing one Power or group of Powers against each other, so that after every war in which Turkey was engaged one of those botch-work treaties of peace was signed, which guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and left the poor Christian people virtually in the same condition as before.

But every time such a treaty was encompassed Turkey was made to give up, nevertheless, one or two of her provinces; and thus, slice by slice, her European possessions were wrested from her. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire forsooth! Such bitter irony is only equalled by the miserable technicalities of international quackery.

And let me say here that had not the Christian people depended entirely upon the good faith of Christian Europe they might not have borne for centuries the iron yoke of the Turks; they might have developed a power of their own

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and made an attempt long before now to free themselves from Turkish rule. The people of the Balkans, by virtue of their position, were more favoured in this sense than those of Asia. But the Oriental Question was capitalised by Europe—the Oriental Question, which had a religious origin, ultimately became a political issue; for while it arose from the belief that a Mohammedan Government cannot be just to its Christian subjects—a belief which the history of Islam disproves—it developed into a cynical conception of Turkish cupidity and degeneration. And the question, "Who of the Powers shall have the right to protect the Christians of Turkey?" translated into the language of truth would mean, "Who of the Powers shall have the greatest sphere of influence and authority in her dominions?" This is the evolution of the Oriental Question, which, in a word, might be described as the Ottoman Empire in Europe. And the solution of the one seems to depend upon the dissolution of the other.

To be sure, the dismemberment of Turkey has always been contemplated and planned by one Power or the other. The idea is about two hundred years old; and it has always been the *dessous de carte,* so to speak, of all the treaties guaranteeing her integrity. Russia and Austria, combined first, made the attempt in 1718, when Turkey defeated had to evacuate Hungary, Transylvania and part of Serbia. They would have succeeded in partitioning among themselves what remained of her European possessions were it not for France, who espoused the cause of Turkey and was the first among the Powers to insist upon the preservation of her integrity as a nation. In 1770 Turkey was again at the mercy of Russia, who destroyed her navy on the Danube and agreed with Prussia to make Constantinople the capital of a new Greek empire under her own protection. But France again balked her plans. In the Crimean War it was England who came to the aid of the Turks. And only in one instance, in 1781, was France willing that Austria and Russia divide the Balkan possessions of the Sick Man of Europe on condition that she occupy Egypt and Syria. But it was England's turn now to stand for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

About fifteen years later, however, Napoleon tried to carry out this traditional policy of France. To him Europe was but a rat-hole and only in the Orient were great empires. Hence the invasion of Egypt and Syria, not the least among his brilliant failures, and hence, too, his agreement with Czar Alexander upon a plan for partitioning Turkey. The plan might have been carried out were it not for Poland and Constantinople, the two bones of contention between them. This is well known to students of history. But what is little known is Napoleon's design upon Arabia, which he would use as a road to India. His scheme for the conquest of the country is interesting to recall in this connection.

Napoleon employed a very able man, a Piedmontese named Lascaris, who was to go to Aleppo,—following his instructions, amusingly minute,—learn Arabic there, especially the dialects of the tribes of the Syrian desert, engage a trustworthy dragoman and go to Palmyra to study the conditions of the Bedouins with the end of gaining their friendship, promoting a common cause among them and getting them to declare their independence of the Osmanli. He was also to study the topographical conditions of the country—to take notes of the watering places, the pasturage, the khans, the various caravan routes as far down as the Indian frontier—and return to Paris. Lascaris, after an adventure of six years in Syria and the desert, overcoming many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in accomplishing his mission, and had the great Chieftain Ibn Chehlan sign a treaty with the Beduouin tribes not only against the Turks but also against the Wahabis of Nejd, who were most fanatical in their hatred and opposition to the Franj, the Euro-

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peans. Thus would a Christian monarch or a Christian scholar adopt the policy of divide-and-rule even as the Turks.

Accomplishing his task, Lascaris returned to Europe only to learn of Napoleon's defeat in Russia, which meant also the defeat of his own project. The road to India nowadays does not depend upon any pact or conspiracy with the Arab tribes. But a strong Arab empire might threaten even the Suez Canal and eventually control the Bagdad railway. History repeats itself in different dialects, and a nation's dream might be resurrected and transformed. We have a striking illustration of this in the present manœuvres of England and France and the success of the revolution against the Turks as well as in the designs of Germany and her Berlin-Bagdad dream. But Germany has no chance in Arabia, unless in the future she espouses their cause against another Power.

Even then, Germany herself is aware that with an Arab khalif her dream of supremacy in Islam can never be realised. "If Emir Hussein, Sherif of Mecca," says Maximilian Harden, "gains the support of the Arabs, his will will become undisputed law in Syria, Irak, Tehran, Ispahan and Afghanistan, and Germany's influence in the Orient will be doomed forever." Herr Harden has a mistaken conception of the authority of the khalif, but his opinion as to his country's Oriental dream is significant.

But what about England? Is it not likely that she will expect to extend her sway over Arabia, obtaining complete control of the port of Jiddah as a means ostensibly of facilitating the pilgrimage to the Mohammedans of India, strengthening her foothold at Aden, adding Kweit and El-Katr to her recent annexation of Oman, gaining, in a word, absolute control of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea as well as the Suez Canal? As a reply to this, and as showing the attitude of the Arabs, I quote from the *Kibla,* the official organ of King Hussein, an Arabic journal published in Mecca:

> If we have expelled the Turks from our territory, it is because they looked upon us as foreigners and they had no consideration for our religious and historic traditions. How then shall we accept the authority of any foreign people? We ourselves have prepared the revolution and lighted its fire. No one foreign to our race has had any hand in it. We are willing to consult with the Entente Powers, who will not, we hope, interfere in our affairs, but will lend us, within the range of possibility, their political support, because certain interests in common exist between us. We have made it clear to them that we are decided to preserve inviolate the independence of Islam—the independence that was threatened by Germany and compromised by the Turks. The Entente Powers, prompted by the friendship they have for Islam as represented by the Arabs, have concurred in this. We consider them as allies, whom we respect as friends, whom we honour. But we repeat that our alliance with them is based upon our absolute independence.

Whether the Arabs shall have the force in the future to sustain it or not, such a declaration is perfectly justified in view of the present attitude of the Allies toward the small nations of the world in general and toward the races in particular that are under Turkish rule. England at the beginning of the war declared that she would not interfere in the administrative affairs of the people of Hijaz, that she would respect the independence of Islam, which must imply the independence of the Arabs. Furthermore, a weapon of protest and defence will be found in the future in the reply of the Allies to President Wilson's note, stating their objects in the war. One of these is "the freeing of the people living under the sanguinary tyranny of the Turks; the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire, which is decidedly outside of Western civilisation."

Thus after many wars with Turkey and many treaties of peace, Europe has

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finally arrived at a proper solution of the Oriental Question. And there is no doubt that it will thus be solved in the end. For whether the war ends in victory for the Allies or in a draw, the Arabs, it is certain, will not come again under Turkish rule. In the event of a draw the Allies will not consent to Turkey's recovering any territory she has lost; in the event of victory, they will find themselves in a very embarrassing situation, in view of their solemn pledges, if the further progress of Arab independence becomes alarming: such, for example, as the federation of all Arabia under the Grand Sherif. It is the opinion of certain writers and diplomats, however, that the age is inimical to the existence of independent states in Asia. But it must be also observed that the age is inimical to the spirit of colonisation. And it will be more so after the war.

Were we to suppose then that the little Hijaz Kingdom of the Grand Sherif will develop into a free and independent Arab Empire, what, we must ask, will be the lot of Syria, the cradle of the Arab movement—the martyr to-day of the Arab cause? In view of the unprecedented calamities that have befallen this country—the crimes committed by Djemal Pasha upon the inhabitants, the execution of hundreds of its leaders and notables, Muslems and Christians, the very flower of its genius, the exiles, the reprisals, the starving out of the people of Mount Lebanon—it is a question whether it would not have been wiser on the part of the Allies or more consonant at least with their policy as the protectors of the Syrian Christians, to have forestalled Turkey as soon as she entered the war against them and, instead of the disastrous Dardanelles expedition, to have landed an army in Beirut and Alexandretta and Haifa and thus saved the people from the sanguinary tyranny of Djemal, obtained control of the Bagdad railway, cut off the communication of the Turks in Mesopotamia and, following the route of Ibrahim Pasha a hundred years ago, with the advantage to-day of a railway, move through Anatolia on Stamboul. I have it on good authority that France would have done this, was ready to do it, were it not for England.

Likewise, in several instances in history, France's good intentions—I should say the French Government's—toward Syria, were, for political reasons, never carried out. And we may go a step further and say that ever since the Charter of St. Louis to the people of Mount Lebanon down to the French expedition in 1860 France achieved no great success in her repeated attempts to free this country from Turkish rule or to ameliorate at least the political condition of the people. At most, an autonomous, nay, an anomalous, government was established in Mount Lebanon, guaranteed by six European Powers—a sort of government that gave the consular representatives of these powers such latitude of authority as was fatal to the aspiring spirit of the people. For the continuous interference of the consuls in the political affairs of the country, their rivalries for prestige, their jealousies of each other's growing influence, their wire-pulling and their intrigues reacted upon the people themselves, and were often worse in their effects than the despotic rule of the Turks.

France's policy was subject to severe criticism even at home. It was often weak and inconsistent. For, while she was supposed to protect the Syrian Christians, she continued to support, morally and financially, even their new oppressors, the Young Turks. The *Temps* was outspoken in its criticism. "The protection we offered the Syrians," it said, "was of a precarious nature and always ineffectual; and while we lulled these people in their expectations, their long-cherished hope of freedom, we helped to promote the financial interests of the government of the Young Turks, who inherited the policy of Abd'ul-Hamid and further enlarged upon it by persecuting all non-Turkish Ottomans. We have cause to regret,

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indeed, the many millions we loaned the Turks." And the *Temps* goes on to ask, "Why did we not arm the Syrians?" Why, indeed? The *Temps*, better than anyone, knows that France's hands were tied. The will was there, we must admit, but the power, if not lacking, was restrained.

And now, while the very Bedouins of the desert have achieved their political freedom, Syria in chains, terrorised, violated, martyred, deliberately starved out, still awaits the dawn of her salvation. Whether France's traditional policy, now that the great European Powers have had the courage to declare that the only solution to the Oriental Question is the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the freeing of the foreign races under their rule—whether France's policy will ultimately be crowned with success or whether the Syrians will strike out for themselves and declare their own independence, still remains to be seen.

(*To be concluded*)

In the concluding article of his series concerning "The Revolution in Arabia," to appear in the June BOOKMAN, *Mr. Rihani will take up the social forces that have marked the movement, its importance in the European racial adjustment, and its probable destiny in the world to come after the war.*

MILTONIC MOTHER GOOSE

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

OF DIRE events, strange, inconcatenate,
Attuned to ribald mirth and revelry,
And eke to sequent madness multiform
And shameful flight: sing thou, O wanton Muse!
"Hey diddle diddle"—thus the nursery rhyme
Ancestral and prerevolutionary,
Chanted by bard maternal, fond, anseric,
Its weird inception takes. "Hey diddle diddle"——
As 'twere a maddened shriek of helpless woe
Drawn by Grimalkin from the viol strings,
Protesting thus their feline genesis.
Then springs aloft the bovine mountebank,
Till Dian's silv'ry orb itself is spurned
By volant hoofs all supercalcitrant;
While far and wide resounds upon the blast
Fell cachination canine, at the sport:
And lo, what dread catastrophe is this!
Two forms, one discoid, one attenuate,
Comrades of eld at many a festive board,
Have fled to realms chaotic, dark, unknown.

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BEING DEAD YET LIVETH

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

IN THAT wonderful treasure-house of "Notebooks" in which Samuel Butler was accustomed to store his thoughts and observations there is a paragraph in which he considers how death confers upon some "a more living kind of life" than they had while alive in the material sense. "Look at Shakespeare," he says. "Can he properly be said to have lived in anything like his real life till a hundred years or so after his death? His physical life was but a dawn preceding the sunrise of that life of the world to come which he was to enjoy hereafter. True, there was a little stir —a little abiding of shepherds in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night—a little buzzing in knots of men waiting to be hired before the daybreak—a little stealthy movement as of a burglar or two here and there—an inchoation of life. But the true life of the man was after death and not before it. Death is not more the end of some than it is the beginning of others."

A new book* about Shelley drives home the truth of that saying. For it brings out more starkly than has been done before how life, during his physical lifetime, stung and tricked and badgered and starved him until, looking back at it now, it seems a mere "inchoation of life," a battered and frosted and bedraggled bud of living. But in the nearly hundred years since his death that forlorn bud has opened into fragrant and beauteous bloom of everlasting life whose radiance will illumine and inspire for generation upon generation, as long as the English language lives. Surely, "the true life of the man was after death and not before it," and for him death was not the end but "the beginning."

The new material about Shelley has been taken from a mass of papers, letters, legal documents, diaries and letter books recently found by a member of the firm that succeeded to the business of Mr. William Whitton who had charge of the affairs of Shelley's father and grandfather. Its chief consequence lies in the new light it throws upon some of the most pitiful years of the poet's life. But perhaps one should not say "the light it throws"—rather, the clouds and sombreness and unhappiness it reveals. Among the new facts established are that Shelley was twice arrested and apparently at least once imprisoned for debt, and that in the midst of his financial troubles, doubtless desperate because of them, he once joined a theatrical company and appeared in a Shakespeare play under an assumed name. The letters make it fairly clear also that the hand which kept grinding the wheels of Shelley's troubles was that of William Whitton, his father's man of business, who, with the most virtuous intentions in the world and all for what he thought to be for Shelley's own good, contrived to prevent any reconciliation between father and son, and whenever the father showed signs of human feeling braced him back into his usual stern and unforgiving attitude. Most vigilant was the man of law in keeping the poet thrust into the outer darkness of poverty and debts and forlorn wandering and in preventing his letters from making the least breach in the determination of his father to give no succour or encouragement to a young man of his opinions and his recklessness in money affairs.

But for this William Whitton, Shelley's life would, apparently, have been

*Shelley in England: New Facts and Letters from the Shelley-Whitton papers. By Roger Ingpen. Illustrated. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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much easier and happier. Nor is it likely that a less thorny path would have affected adversely the singing of his muse. With a mind so active and the creative stir of numbers so constantly at work within his brain the probability is that with life a little less hard his muse would have sung even more greatly. Nowhere in biographical literature is there a more pathetic picture than that here presented of this slender youth of surpassing genius, working manfully and incessantly, and in penury and hardship producing deathless poems, but having his hand ruthlessly struck down by the watchful guardian of his ancestral home whenever he so much as raised it toward the latch. That Shelley loved his father and mother and sisters and longed with homesick thoughts to be friendly with them is evident from the pitiful little ruses which he sometimes undertook in the hope of getting in touch with members of his family.

Mr. Ingpen, known already as a Shelley authority by his collection of "Letters," has made this new material the central interest in a sort of life of the poet which, with ample quotation from and reference to other authorities, tells with considerable detail the story of his life during his childhood, youth and young manhood, as long as he lived in England, and recounts briefly the chief events connected with his sojourn in Europe and his death. And there is a chapter of full narrative concerning the return of Mary Shelley and their son to England. More new documents give information of her affairs at that time and of her effort to soften the heart of Sir Timothy Shelley toward his fatherless grandson. Among these are two hitherto unpublished letters from Byron. Some of the legal documents included in the new find give proof that Shelley and Harriet were married in Edinburgh at the time of their elopement, which has been much doubted, and others elucidate the shabby tragedy of Harriet's death.

It was a brief life of drabness and poverty and struggle and hard work and it ended before most young men have more than barely begun their careers. But its radiant and inspiring influence has swayed the minds and attuned the souls of millions to keener love of beauty, to more generous enthusiasms, to finer aspirations, and it can be heard vibrating through the lyres of a long line of poets since his day. Especially is it evident in the greatest work of Swinburne, most Orphic of them all.

Mr. Gosse in his new biography* seems rather to wish to minimise the influence of Shelley upon Swinburne, but even his admissions show how important it was, especially in the inspirations that guided him in the writing of "Songs before Sunrise." Excellent as is his very careful and most interesting account of Swinburne's life and character and work, there are in it here and there such evidences of personal bias and even of bitterness as are, at least, surprising. This is the more deplorable since there was no one so well equipped as Mr. Gosse for the writing of a full and authoritative biography of Swinburne. The only memoir hitherto published is his sketch contributed to the Dictionary of National Biography in 1912, which he has used as a sort of skeleton in the preparation of this work. Himself a warm friend of Swinburne and of many of Swinburne's relatives and friends, he has had the advantage of much personal knowledge and reminiscence and an immense amount of letters and other material was turned over to him. His own eminence as a literary critic adds interest and value to the critical estimate and comment which are scattered all through the book. And the volume will probably have not one reader but will regret that the author felt impelled to omit, as he explains in his preface, "a final chapter, an estimate of Swinburne's comparative place in literature, and particularly in the history of poetry," because of the

*The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne. By Edmund Gosse. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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large amount of new biographical detail which came into his possession. Nevertheless, that other chapter would have been most welcome and it is greatly to be hoped that when a second edition is called for it will be included.

All the picturing of Swinburne's childhood and youth is most engaging and the sunny happiness through which he danced, with his great, red-haloed head always bobbing about like some tropical bird, was such a setting for the childhood of a poet as chances of birth rarely grant. Less a rebel than Shelley and less gifted with keen and deep intellectual vision, he nevertheless was enough of a rebel and had enough vision to shock such of his contemporaries, as Shelley did his, who had not forward-facing souls. And the "Prometheus" of the one and the "Songs before Sunrise" of the other have always been, and are likely for a long time to be, a vital influence in the evolution of onward pressing thought. True life, for them, has been "after death and not before it."

Mr. Gosse considers "Songs before Sunrise" Swinburne's "cardinal and crowning work" and discusses it briefly with much praise. But there is something of a sneer in his tone whenever he speaks of Swinburne's political knowledge or his understanding of European affairs and the poet's political opinions he seems to regard as having been merely emotional. There is a subtle sneer also evident in almost every reference to Swinburne's long friendship with Watts-Dunton and the latter's watchfulness over his well-being. Mr. Gosse seems to admit that Swinburne would soon have died had Watts-Dunton not taken charge of him, but unless one knew the facts already one would hardly guess from his pages how extreme was the poet's need of just such care nor from what grovelling depths Watts-Dunton's unselfish hand saved and kept him. It is true that during the thirty years the two men were housemates there was a falling off in Swinburne's poetic production. But before he went to The Pines he had passed his zenith—and the muse loves not the aging head. Moreover, his years of dissipation had had their inevitable effect upon him. To charge the results of these and other quite evident causes to the influence and care of the poet's devoted friend, with whom he lived in entire content and happiness, betrays a curious quirk of temper that looks as if it might have had origin in some personal enmity.

One gets a very different view of the matter from the rather scrappy but delightful book* about the author of "Aylwin" offered by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. The picture there afforded, amid masses of reminiscence, quotations from letters, stories without number, concerning people famous in literature and art in London for nearly fifty years, is of a most lovable and generous personality, a man with a wonderful genius for friendship and so ready to serve his friends, obscure as well as famous, that in small generosities he frittered away time enough to have written all the volumes of biography that he purposed but did not accomplish. His biographers tell us that at the bottom of his heart he was a Victorian in his sympathies and his general outlook. Mr. Gosse ascribes to that temperament and its influence upon Swinburne, who he says repeatedly was a good deal of a chameleon in his proneness to reflect surroundings and temporary interests, all the falling off in the quality of his later product. The Watts-Dunton biographers refer to that influence, which they insist was almost entirely ethical, the "sweeter sanity" of Swinburne's later years noticeable in his poetry and especially in his correspondence. They see in him, because of that influence, "a broader and mellower view of human life."

Not the least among the many humanly interesting features of the book is

*The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton. By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. Including Some Personal Reminiscence by Clara Watts-Dunton. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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the account by Mrs. Watts-Dunton of the unusual experience which befell when love at first sight bloomed between them, although she was still in her teens and he was fifty years her elder, and of the singularly happy and beautiful married life which followed. The pictures of her included in the illustrations show a rarely beautiful woman.

The world of letters is the poorer that Watts-Dunton did not undertake and finish any one of the biographies he could so well have done—Rossetti, Borrow, Swinburne, Meredith. But it has in his volume on poetry,* which includes the two essays by which he is best known as a critic, a body of historical and critical comment which will long have a distinctive value.

*Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

GALSWORTHY AS A PLAYWRIGHT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN THE epilogue to *Fanny's First Play,* the popular dramatic critic, Mr. Flawner Bannal [whose name shows a significant resemblance to the French phrase, *flâneur banal*] is asked for his opinion of the piece that he has witnessed; and he dodges this direct question in the following bit of dialogue:

THE COUNT. What is your opinion of the play?

BANNAL. Well, who's it by?

THE COUNT. That is a secret for the present.

BANNAL. You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you?

THE COUNT. Why not?

BANNAL. Why not! Why not! Suppose you had to write about a play by Pinero and one by Jones! Would you say exactly the same thing about them?

THE COUNT. I presume not.

BANNAL. Then how could you write about them until you knew which was Pinero and which was Jones? . . .

THE COUNT. But is it a good play, Mr. Bannal? That's a simple question.

BANNAL. Simple enough when you know. If it's by a good author, it's a good play, naturally. That stands to reason. Who *is* the author? Tell me that; and I'll place the play for you to a hair's breadth.

THE COUNT. I'm sorry I'm not at liberty to divulge the author's name. The author desires that the play should be judged on its merits.

BANNAL. But what merits can it have except the author's merits?

This satiric conversation affords the only reasonable explanation of the fact that the plays of Mr. John Galsworthy have been persistently over-praised, both by popular dramatic critics like Mr. Flawner Bannal and by academic annotators who prefer to study the current drama in the library instead of in the theatre. Mr. Galsworthy is a great man: in his own familiar field of literary composition, he is a great artist: *therefore* [according to the syllogism of these commentators], any play by Mr. Galsworthy must be a great play.

In a scholarly and interesting book about *The Modern Drama,* by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of the Ohio State University, we encounter the assertion that Mr. Galsworthy, "above all other men now in view, seems called and chosen as the great modern dramatist of the English tongue." Thus—in a single *ex cathedra* statement—a literary artist who has merely turned to the theatre as a secondary medium of expression is regarded as a more important dramaturgic

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craftsman than the authors of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* and *Michael and His Lost Angel,* and *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire,* and *Candida,* and *The Voysey Inheritance,* and *The Mollusc,* and *Hindle Wakes,* and *Don.* Any play by Mr. Galsworthy must be "a good play," for the overwhelming reason that it has been written by "a good author"; but no such overwhelming pre-establishment of a necessity for praise exists, apparently, in favour of any play by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, Barker, Davies, Stanley Houghton, or Rudolf Besier.

The reaction of the scholarly and academic mind of Professor Ludwig Lewisohn is supplemented, in this instance, by the reactions of most of our popular dramatic critics. Any play by Mr. Galsworthy that is produced within the region of Times Square is called a great play, as a matter of course, for the simple reason that it was written by an author who [like Cæsar's wife] is commonly regarded as superior to criticism. The Flawner Bannals of our daily press, who seldom hesitate to sneer at the life-long-practised technical accomplishment of Pinero and Jones, and to smile indulgently at the tender and quite irresistible appeal of Barrie, are accustomed to remove their hats and stand in reverence when any play by Mr. Galsworthy is produced. This emotion, of course, must be recorded to their credit, for it is always a laudatory gesture to remove the hat; and the poorest play by Mr. Galsworthy is so much nobler in intention than nine-tenths of all the efforts of our local playwrights that the mood of reverence is unavoidable; but is it, therefore, reasonable to assume, without discussion, that *The Eldest Son* is a bigger play than *Hindle Wakes* or that *The Fugitive* is a greater play than *Iris?* Must an honest recognition of the fact that Mr. Galsworthy is a superior person force us also to assert that he is an impeccable playwright? If this argument should be accepted, the critic would be required to assume that Raphael [by virtue of that fabled "century of sonnets"] must have been a great poet because of his unquestionable talent as a painter.

That Mr. Galsworthy has earned a right to be regarded as one of the dozen leading playwrights now writing in the English language, no commentator would deny. His plays exhibit a distinction which sets them easily apart from the ordinary sort of trash that is produced within the region of Times Square. But it is one thing to elevate an artist to the peerage, and it is quite another thing to exalt him higher than his peers. Before admitting any playwright to the narrow upper circle of superiority, the critic is required to demand,—first, that the dramatist shall always have something to say; second, that he shall always be able to express his theme intelligibly through the medium of the contemporary theatre; third, that his characters shall be true to life without exception; and fourth, that his dialogue shall be written with simplicity and dignity. These requirements are always easily fulfilled by Mr. Galsworthy; but they have also been fulfilled, with equal ease, by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, Barker, Davies, Houghton, Besier, and several other living writers of our English-speaking drama.

The quarrel of the present commentator is directed not against the popular opinion which regards the plays of Mr. Galsworthy as compositions to be considered reverently, but against a quite illogical exaggeration of this popular opinion which leads to the assumption that Mr. Galsworthy is a better playwright than any of his peers. In particular, the ire of the present critic is aroused when he encounters the frequently expressed opinion that Mr. Galsworthy is a greater playwright than Pinero,—or, to state the matter more specifically, that the author of *The Fugitive* is an abler dramatist than the author of *Iris.*

Mr. Galsworthy is not a great playwright. He may be a great man, he may be a great novelist, he may be a great writer; but he is not, on these accounts, to be regarded as a great drama-

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tist,—any more than Rossetti, by virtue of his noble poetry, can be regarded as a noble painter. Mr. Galsworthy lacks essentially a feeling for the theatre,—a natural enjoyment of that spontaneous response which may be called forth from a gathered audience. He entered the theatre at a period comparatively late in his career; and he will never learn to love it [and, in consequence, to understand it] so deeply and so intimately as men who were brought up behind the footlights, like Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

That Olympian impartiality of mind in considering a social thesis,—that God-like lack of special sympathy in regard to any of his characters,—that air of casually saying, "This is true, and it is no concern of mine; but what do you intend to do about it?"—these traits, which appeal to the philosophic commentator, are repugnant to the ordinary theatre-goer. The average spectator prefers to see a struggle between people whom he is expected to like and people whom he is expected to dislike: he prefers to attend a play, as he attends a ball-game, with a predetermined spirit to "root" for one team against the other. This elemental human impulse, Mr. Galsworthy has chosen to ignore. His plays are destitute of heroes and of villains. He has a disconcerting way of asking questions which he subsequently says that he himself is quite incapable of answering. Thus, in *The Pigeon,* he has posed a social problem which he asserts to be beyond the scope of resolution. The casual and accidental theatre-goer—for whom our plays are made—is not attracted by these difficulties: he prefers to take sides in a struggle that has sharply been defined and to applaud a protagonist who either wins his fight or "goes down scornful before many spears."

Mr. Galsworthy bears "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." Among all contemporary writers of the English language, he is easily the most patrician. But the drama is a democratic art, and Mr. Galsworthy—in the theatre—often sacrifices the appeal of one who knows the people and enjoys what they enjoy. Always, there seems to hover over and about his plays an atmosphere that pre-assumes a lack of sympathy between the author and the audience. Mr. Galsworthy does not write for the theatre-going multitude; he writes only for himself and for his tutelary deity; and the multitude—the toiling, tired, laughing, weeping, sweating, sighing crowd—may take his plays or leave them, as they choose. The born playwrights—like Pinero, Jones, or Barrie—are sedulously careful always to avoid any assumption of superiority above the public. Their attitude toward life is not Olympian: they adopt, instead, as their device, the democratic motto,—"Out of many, one."

But the main deficiency of Mr. Galsworthy as a dramatist is his constitutional inability—or else disinclination—to make the most effective use of his materials. Sir Arthur Pinero, in a celebrated passage of his lecture on *Robert Louis Stevenson, the Dramatist,* has defined theatrical talent in the following terms: "Theatrical talent consists in the power of making your characters not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." According to this definition, Mr. Galsworthy is singularly lacking in theatrical talent. It is conceivable, of course, that Mr. Galsworthy would deny that "the one great function of the theatre" is "the production of a peculiar kind of emotional effect"; but a solidly established fact cannot be overturned by a denial. Unless Sir Arthur Pinero is right in this assertion, we must be prepared to insist that there is no such thing as an art of making plays; and if the dramaturgic art does not exist, there can be no such thing as dramatic criticism. If Mr. Galsworthy—because of his non-tech-

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nical intentions—must be regarded as immune from criticism on the score of craftsmanship, there is nothing to be said about his plays beyond a merely personal expression of a fondness or a lack of fondness for one composition or another.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Galsworthy tries always, in his plays, to "produce a peculiar kind of emotional effect"; but he has failed, in nearly every instance, to "give rise to the greatest possible amount" of this effect. He has never written a play—with the possible exception of *Strife*—that might not have been improved by the collaboration of a more accomplished craftsman, like Sir Arthur Pinero or Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Galsworthy's besetting fault is a failure in construction. His plays, without exception, have been patterned carefully; but, with only one or two exceptions, they have been patterned ineffectively.

His main trouble is a failure to distinguish between those passages of a dramatic narrative that must necessarily be shown upon the stage and those other passages which may safely be assumed to happen off-stage between the acts. In other words—to quote a famous phrase of Sarcey's—he lacks an instinct for the *scène à faire*. This arraignment of his craftsmanship is aggravated—not alleviated—by the fact that, many times, he seems to dodge deliberately the "big scene" that stands waiting to his hand. The proper business of a playwright is to make a play; and it is not to be regarded as an indication of superiority for an artist to refrain deliberately from the most effective exercise of which his art is capable. Some years ago, a witty commentator said of Mrs. Fiske that she showed a tendency to "over-act her under-acting"; and it might be said of Mr. Galsworthy that he shows a tendency to under-dramatise his dramas.

Consider *The Fugitive,* for instance. This play has been called a masterpiece by many commentators; and, according to the latest available reports, it is doing very well in the commercial theatre, although it is atrociously miscast and most perversely acted. The story is interesting, the characters are true to life, the dialogue is written with that high regard for truth which is mystically indistinguishable from a high regard for beauty; and yet the play is ineffective, because it is faultily constructed. It is impossible to resist the impression that Mr. Galsworthy would have done far better with this story if he had used it as the basis of a novel instead of as the basis of a play; and the reason for this judgment is that the most significant and most dramatic passages of the entire narrative are those which are assumed to happen off the stage between the acts. The scenes which we are shown are less impressive than those other scenes which we are denied the privilege of witnessing.

If any evidence were needed to attest the immeasurable superiority of Sir Arthur Pinero over Mr. Galsworthy as a dramaturgic craftsman, it would be sufficient merely to study side by side the text of *The Fugitive* and the text of *Iris*. The themes of these two dramas are very nearly similar. In each play, we are invited to review the gradual degradation of a woman of beautiful tastes and worthy impulses because she lacks sufficient strength to fight successfully against adversity. Clare Dedmond, like Iris Bellamy, is too fine to accept a regimen of life on terms that are unlovely; but neither heroine is fine enough to rise superior to the insidious assaults of poverty. To this extent, the fundamental stories of the two plays are identical; but there is a world of difference between the finished products.

Pinero, in the patterning of *Iris,* has not missed a single *scène à faire*. He seizes and develops all the high points of his story, and removes to the limbo of his off-stage narrative only such passages as are subsidiary to the conduct of his plot. But, in *The Fugitive,* we feel that several passages which are narrated retrospectively are more important than those other scenes in the course of which these off-stage happenings are expounded,

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so to speak, at second hand. Thus, we wish to see exemplified upon the stage the experience of Clare as a shop-girl in a department store, which is assumed to happen between the second act and the third; and, again, we are made uncomfortably conscious of a hiatus between the penultimate and the final act. We have seen Clare Dedmond drift, penniless and helpless, from the home of the lover who has sheltered her; and next we see her, six months later, at the point of accepting the career of a common prostitute: but we are never told by what means she has managed to keep herself alive throughout this rather lengthy interval.

Each successive crisis in the gradual disintegration of the character of Iris is shown and illustrated on the stage "in such skilfully devised form and order" as to "give rise to the greatest possible amount of . . . emotional effect." Mr. Galsworthy's conduct of a similar story, in *The Fugitive,* is comparatively faltering and ineffective. In this instance, Mr. Galsworthy has met a peer, in a fair fight on equal ground—just as he met a peer in Stanley Houghton when he wrote *The Eldest Son;* and, in both cases, he has been quite easily unhorsed by an antagonist who was more greatly gifted with an instinct for the exigencies of the theatre.

SNAPSHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS: SHAW

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

PREFACE:

"Tom was born blind. Impeach the Past!
Dick is pig-headed. Stick him!
Harry's a muddler. Thumbs down!
Joan, as usual, has the best of Darby.
Shakespeare?——
England, good old junker England——
Christian and atheist, Pietist and pagan,
Every last man of them is wrong.
I am not the last man;
So—come, use your logic!"

THE PLAY:

An inverted pyramid
Spinning gyroscopically
On a quicksand.

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Chronicle and Comment

United

It is estimated by an Englishman of international reputation who has made a close study of the war that the offensive planned for the western front this summer will cost Britain five hundred thousand men. This multitude is beyond the grasp of the intellect. The nearest approach, possibly, is to picture to ourselves the great Yale Bowl at New Haven filled to capacity with khaki-clad men, and then to imagine seven such Bowls, placed side by side, filled with this human sacrifice. These men are ready to die that the world may be made a fit place for their children and for the democratic peoples of the earth to dwell together in harmony and co-operation. It is the price England is prepared to pay—we were about to say for "victory," but the word seems selfish and wholly inadequate. Before such a sacrifice we can but bow our heads in silent compassion. To France, who "bleeds and prays," our sympathy goes out without stint and justly so; but let us not forget that England from whom practically all our institutions, our faiths and folk-ways come—that England, too, pays the price of the German shame. And when the first contingent of our army goes to America's "first line of defence"—the trenches in France—would it not be well that a division be sent through London, marching under the American flag, that all England may see? It would brush aside the lingering resentment still surviving in the Anglo-Saxon family, the moral effect on both nations would be better than a great victory, and at last we would have tangibly expressed for us the fact that the English-speaking peoples stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of that kind of world that alone is fit for them—and for all humanity—to live in.

On Snow Shovelling

The pathetic figure of Nicholas Romanoff shovelling snow in his garden at Petrograd has caught the imagination of the world. The last act that history will record of the Autocrat of All the Russias is so ludicrously in contrast with the high pomp of his accustomed state that it arouses in us that spark that we all keep smouldering for the under dog. The Romanoffs have gone: they will not go unsung but they may go unwept—too often and too long have they soiled the pages of history, and with their passing the world can draw a breath of relief—and look about. It is but a pause, Democracy but girds herself for the next accomplishment, the next deliverance. For the last and greatest of the autocrats, the strongest personality of them all, has yet to be reckoned with. And the reckoning will be a sad and a severe one. William Hohenzollern will not exit shovelling snow.

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New Authors

With this month's issue, The Bookman enjoys its yearly custom of introducing to the public those American writers whose first novels have been issued during the past season. This year there are slightly over half as many new fiction writers as were noticed in these pages a year ago. Undoubtedly this is due to the world struggle and to the serious considerations which it engenders. But it is also interesting to note, in accordance with the careful analysis made by Mr. Fred E. Woodward in last month's Bookman, that the trend of publishing during the past several years has been toward an increase in books of a serious nature, at the expense of works

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of fiction. An interesting illustration of this general change in the public's taste, is that even in fiction itself the more serious books are in the greatest demand—the most serious analytical novel of the season, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* is at the same time America's best selling story. In England the publication of fiction is practically at a standstill; and we understand that for the coming fall few books of any nature are planned for issuance there. The entrance of the United States into the world war will, however, probably have little effect upon the volume of book publication in this country. Publishers are going ahead with their regular plans for the fall books, and while we have heard of no contemplated changes in the type of book output, it may be presumed that the general inclination toward a smaller percentage of fiction will be more marked in the coming seasons.

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Probably the first novel by a promising new author to appear in 1917 was Waldo Frank's *The Unwelcome Man,* the story of an unhappy child who became an unhappy man. This rather acute psychological analysis of an introspective youth was written by one of the editors of the new *Seven Arts Magazine* who, after his graduation at Yale, had been a writer on the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and the *New York Times.* Mr. Frank's critics appear to agree that he has accomplished a considerable literary achievement in his unfolding of the life of Quincy Burt, his hero.

• • •

Seumas O'Brien was one of the literary discoveries of 1916. A young Irishman, living in Brooklyn, he wrote short stories of a new kind and one-act plays for several years before he achieved book publication. It was Edward J. O'Brien, writing in the *Boston Transcript* his first summing up of the year's output of short stories, who brought his namesake to light. Those who enjoy the work of such writers as James Stephens, for example, will appreciate the fables of O'Brien told in dialogues between Micus Pat and his friend Padna Dan in the volume *The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables.* There is human philosophy in these fantasies and much poetic force and charm. *The Dial* (Chicago) said of the book, "Irish imagination at its best is a precious thing: and the reader may be assured of finding it at somewhere very near its best in *The Whale and the Grasshopper.*"

SEUMAS O'BRIEN, AUTHOR OF "THE WHALE AND THE GRASSHOPPER AND OTHER FABLES"

Mrs. Constance M. Warren, whose first novel *The Phœnix* was published in February, is a Boston woman, the wife of Professor Joseph Warren of the Harvard Law School, and the mother of four children. Mrs. Warren has travelled extensively abroad both before and since her marriage, has been active in both the social and social service centres of Boston, and yet has had time to write many short stories, and in the last year to work on *The Phœnix.* Unlike the majority of authors,

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MRS. CONSTANCE M. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "THE PHOENIX"

Mrs. Warren approached the field of literature with no thought of her writing finding a publisher. In fact, she says that she did not write the story for publication, but simply for her own diversion, and for the satisfaction of putting her ideas on paper. It was through chance that a member of her publishing house happened to see the manuscript; he immediately became interested in the story, and publication followed. She has had short stories published in several magazines, but gave it up, since her real interest in writing fiction lies in the novel.

The scene of *The Phœnix* is laid in Boston, and among the letters expressing pleasure and interest in the book which the publishers have received, is one from a well-known Bostonian, who says in part: "I have never before read any book about Boston or its people that did not give me a nauseating sensation of painful labour on the part of the author to bring Boston into a book, as though that were an end in itself. With *The Phœnix* all this insipidity is absent, and the scene just happens to be Boston."

The Quest of the Golden Valley is a tale of adventure in Alaska. Its author, Belmore Browne, has spent many years in travelling the wilderness portions of our Northern possession, and through the experiences described in his book, *The Conquest of Mount McKinley,* he has become a recognised authority on North America's highest mountain. In speaking of his reasons for writing *The Quest of the Golden Valley,* Mr Browne says: "Despite the vast size of Alaska the work of civilisation is sweeping on with startling rapidity: the railroad that is to connect the great interior with the outside world is creeping steadily northward; the marvellous Mount McKinley region has become a National Park and in a few years the men of the frontier who made these great things possible will be forgotten. It was in the hope of preserving for the American boy some of the true tales of the winning of our last frontier that *The Quest of the Golden Valley* was written."

BELMORE BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY." TAKEN IN THE FOOTHILLS OF MOUNT MCKINLEY, SHOWING HEADS OF TWO WILD MOUNTAIN SHEEP

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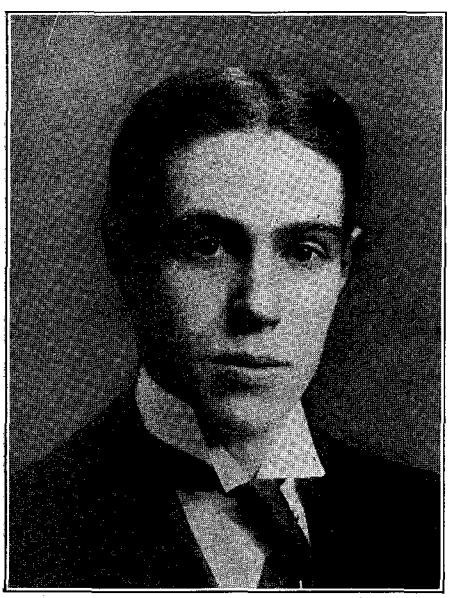
CORINNE LOWE, AUTHOR OF "CONFESSIONS OF A SOCIAL SECRETARY"

ELIAS TOBENKIN, AUTHOR OF "WITTE ARRIVES"



FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, AUTHOR OF "THE BALANCE"

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "GOOD MORNING, ROSAMOND!"

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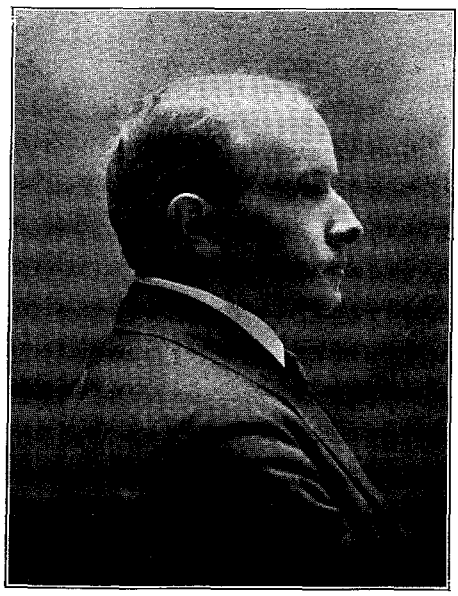
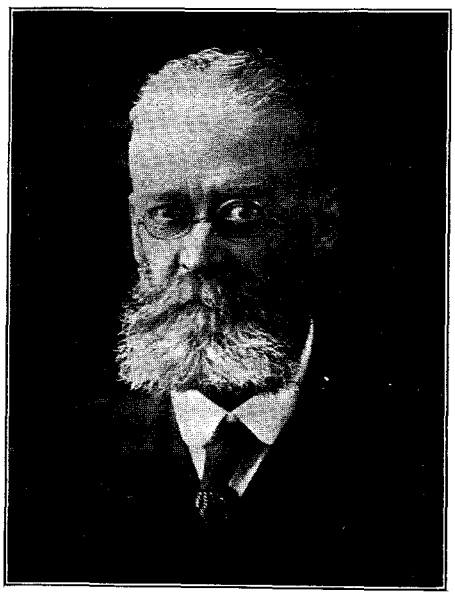
GEORGE WESTON, AUTHOR OF "OH MARY BE CAREFUL!"

Photograph by Botto-Mosher

SOPHIE KERR, AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE ENVELOPE"



ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, AUTHOR OF "LOOT" AND "PLUNDER"



EDWARD LUCAS WHITE, AUTHOR OF "EL SUPREMO"

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Corinne Lowe was born in Chicago, but as she went to Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, when she was two years old, it is with the Cumberland Valley that she has all her early associations. After school at West Chester and college at Swarthmore, she began her career as a member of the staff of a Philadelphia newspaper, for which she did a great deal of interviewing, and subsequently was editor of its Woman's Page. After three years she came to New York and was a member of the advertising staff of one of the large department stores.

MARIE CONWAY OEMLER, AUTHOR OF "SLIPPY MCGEE"

To her work there, she says, she is indebted for a very rich experience in people and business. It supplied her material for her first article for the *Saturday Evening Post,* to which Miss Lowe is a contributor. *Confessions of a Social Secretary* is her first book, and was written in collaboration with a social secretary who supplied the material from her personal experiences.

• • •

Perhaps it was all in the natural way of things that Francis R. Bellamy should follow in the steps of his cousin,

EDITH MINITER, AUTHOR OF "OUR NATUPSKI NEIGHBORS"

Edward N. Bellamy, who wrote *Looking Backward.* At any rate, after various ventures from farming to the

Photograph by Marjorie Jones

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "WINDY MCPHERSON'S SON"

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BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEST-BUILDER"

show business, Mr. Bellamy has written his first novel, *The Balance,* a story that deals with the futility of meretricious success. Francis Bellamy was born, December 24, 1886, in New Rochelle, New York. He was a small lad when his family moved to Rochester, his home ever since, and the Melchester of *The Balance.* Williams College harboured him for two years; then he took up farming, soon to abandon it for the book business. In sleeping cars, hotels and lunch rooms this young book salesman was working on the manuscript of *The Balance.* The novel was completed early in 1916 and published in January of this year.

• • •

To have written a first novel of such serious import that Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale compares it with Mary Antin's *The Promised Land,* and adds, "We Americans ought to be heartily grateful for both books"—is an unusual distinction for a young writer. That is what Elias Tobenkin accomplished in his *Witte Arrives,* a comprehensive picture of American life from the standpoint of the Jewish immigrant. The author's own story is a frankly interesting one. Coming to this country as a boy from Russia, with the education of the Russian lower school, he put himself through the University of Wisconsin, from which great institution he absorbed the spirit of American democracy. He served for some time as a "cub" on the Milwaukee *Free Press,* and then set out for Chicago, where, however, many rounds of the newspaper offices left him still "jobless." Meanwhile he had felt the pulse of life in the crowds that jostled him daily in the streets, and one day he wrote them up in a real human interest story. Not only was it published, but it got him a desk in the *Herald* office. From this point the climbing was easy to the position of editorial writer on the *Chicago Tribune.* Then there were two years of free lancing in New York, before he was finally ready to set down on paper his message of the immigrant's "dream come true"—of ideas of happiness and opportunity supplanting old-world stagnation. *Witte Arrives* is practically an epitome of his own experience.

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME"

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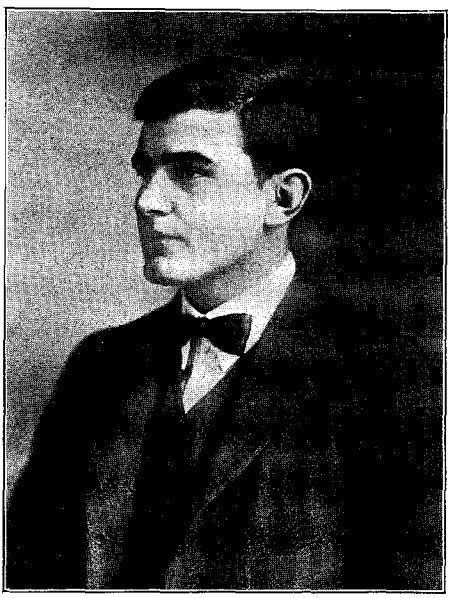
GRACE KING, AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASANT WAYS OF ST. MEDARD"

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT, AUTHOR OF "CECILY AND THE WIDE WORLD"

CLEMENCE DANE, AUTHOR OF "REGIMENT OF WOMEN"



ROBERT CUTLER, AUTHOR OF "LOUISBURG SQUARE"

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Success as a playwright, a magazine writer and a poet has been meted out to Constance Lindsay Skinner, who now seeks fresh laurels in a new field with her first novel, *Good Morning, Rosamond!* Neither Indiana nor New York can claim the distinction of fostering this new author upon their literary heaths, for Miss Skinner's days have been spent in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, Chicago and Northwestern Canada. Miss Skinner "broke" into writing as a newspaper writer and soon she became a feature writer for the most important papers of the West and Middle West, being especially well known in Los Angeles, where she acquired a large following. As a poet, Miss Skinner has been warmly welcomed both in the United States and in England. Her poetry came to the attention of Gene Stratton-Porter, who became so interested in the verse of this California woman that an intimate friendship sprang up between the two authors. From Miss Skinner's first novel she also wrote a play, which has gained success in the West and is to be given a metropolitan production at an early date.

• • •

The genial author of *Oh Mary be Careful!* claims to be a Connecticut farmer. This vocation succeeded that of a newspaper man—he was for twelve years on the staff of the *New York Sun*. As he mentions turkeys and trees and the writings of books as the more important items of his farming life, a slight scepticism exists as to his standing as a farmer. Still comparatively young, vigourous, a devotee of hunting and fishing, talk and pen spiced with humour and wit, Mr. Weston's carefree bachelor existence has more than once been threatened. "Twenty-five and Still a Bachelor," contributed to a woman's journal, is reported to have resulted almost fatally. Such an avalanche of mail came from sympathetic readers, that he decided to confine his pen to the lighter side of life; hence, the joyous tale of "Mary Meacham." His pen is not only amusing—Mr. Weston's skill at character-drawing and the plotting of incident promises good things for the future. Possibly he has invented a new profession—farmer-novelist. Still, one wishes a "Mary Meacham" might be at hand to prevent the predominance of the farmer!

• • •

Arthur Somers Roche is a native of New England, and the son of James Jeffries Roche, editor and poet. Mr. Roche began writing when a mere boy, and was successful from the start in placing his short stories with standard magazines. Since he left school he has devoted his entire attention to fiction. His output of short stories has been great but inconspicuous. A year ago he sold to the *Saturday Evening Post* a novelette entitled *Loot*. Since then he has had as many as three serials running at a time. His home is Castine, Maine, but he spends much of the year in New York. *Loot* was issued as a book last fall and this spring his *Plunder* is appearing.

• • •

From the far-famed eastern shore of Maryland—Denton, to be exact—came Sophie Kerr, writer of short stories, occasional articles and at present assistant editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. And now Miss Kerr has written a book called *The Blue Envelope* which entitles her to a place among the "first" novelists of the year. Miss Kerr is the younger daughter of the late Jonathan W. Kerr, a noted horticulturist in his day. Her early education was in the grammar and high schools of Denton, later at Hood College, Maryland, and a year of graduate study at the University of Vermont, where her work and thesis on the "Early History of Maryland" won her Master's Degree.

It was at college that Miss Kerr began her writing while on the staff of the college paper. After leaving college she wrote short stories, and soon was given a position on the *Pittsburgh Gazette Times*, where she edited a wo-

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man's supplement to the Sunday edition. A position on the *Woman's Home Companion* brought her to New York, and she has continued in her activities with this publication. Of her fiction perhaps Miss Kerr's political short stories have been most notable.

In *The Blue Envelope* Miss Kerr has accomplished what she declares was her intention to do—a story in which the characters are subordinate to the action. Miss Kerr has written in this first novel about a butterfly sort of a heroine who steps from an existence of luxury to one of earning her own livelihood. The series of thrilling events in which she finds herself possess the rapid action of a motion picture, which is attested by the fact that *The Blue Envelope* already has been filmed successfully.

• • •

Now that commercial and literary relations with our South American neighbours are becoming closer and better understood, it is quite appropriate that one of the season's new authors should have written a really distinguished novel, dealing with a picturesque phase in the history of one of those neighbours. Francia, the great dictator of Paraguay, is the central figure of Mr. Edward Lucas White's *El Supremo*, about whom he builds a picture of the colonial aristocracy of that interesting period and country. Mr. White himself belongs to an old Baltimore family, attended Johns Hopkins University there (1888), and has taught Greek and Latin for many years in Baltimore's private schools. During his summers he has travelled, particularly in South America. His literary work includes contributions of poems and short stories to various magazines and other periodicals.

• • •

Slippy McGee, by Marie Conway Oemler, is this gifted writer's first book of fiction, but not her first entrance into the story-writing world. Her stories have appeared in *Smart Set, Ainslee's, New Age, Christian Herald*, the *Century*, and one, in *Harper's Bazar*, "The Spirit of the Home," was listed among the best short stories of 1915. As a poet she is known to readers of *Lippincott's*, the *Independent*, the *Outlook, Smart Set*. Mrs. Oemler is a Southerner, born in Savannah, where she went to school. Her training for her career she received, however, from her maternal grandmother, who taught her all the legendary Irish lore, and from her paternal grandfather, a surgeon and naturalist; also from the Bible, from which she learned to read, and Webster's Dictionary, snatches of which she memorised when at seventeen she worked as a stenographer in a railroad office.

She married Mr. J. Norton Oemler and has two children, a son and a daughter. Mrs. Oemler confesses to three madnesses,—the Bible, butterflies and black cats. Of her work she writes: "Things are very vivid to me. I do not make or take notes. A story floats into my mind in chunks, and hunks, and paragraphs, as if I were remembering what I had seen. Slippy McGee, for instance, was quite as real to me as my own children's faces."

• • •

The immigrant in the city is a familiar subject for stories and studies; the immigrant in the country and his assimilation into American life in the country is not so usual. *Our Natupski Neighbors* tells of an ambitious immigrant Polish family who buy a worn-out farm in the backwoods corner of a New England town. The exasperation and disgust which the natives and these invaders feel for each other, and the final assimilation of the foreigners make an amusing story, which is typical of what is happening all over the country. Mrs. Miniter, the author, has written for magazines and newspapers. Her articles and stories show the same "sticking to facts" that the reader finds in *Our Natupski Neighbors*. She can write entertainingly about making a pie and how to dress on fifty dollars a year. Mrs. Miniter lives in Boston, but she

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spends much of her time on a farm on Wilbraham Mountain, near Springfield. There she lives in one tent and cooks in another, and picks her dessert from an overhanging berry bush.

• • •

In direct contrast with *Our Natupski Neighbors,* Miss King's first novel deals with the past, not with the present and future. With delicate accuracy she presents the poetical ideals of Southern chivalry and aristocracy, and the lingering charm and grace of the New Orleans atmosphere. In *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard* she writes of the fortunes of a ruined Southern family, and their attempted adjustment to the new order of things after the war. Miss Grace King was born in New Orleans in 1852. She has written a number of stories and sketches of New Orleans and Louisiana life.

• • •

As one of the outstanding books of fiction of last year, *Windy MacPherson's Son* has brought its author, Sherwood Anderson, into prominence. The story concerns an Iowa youth of great avidity for life, who leaves his corn belt town and goes up to Chicago to make himself a successful business man. A slight autobiographical sketch makes it clear that he must have utilised a good many experiences of his own in the book. He was born in Ohio, of a Scotch-Irish mother of fine character, who died of overwork after bearing seven children: "It was thin housekeeping. My father, a journeyman harnessmaker of the old days, was a lovable, improvident fellow, inclined to stretch the truth in statement, loving to swagger before his fellow-townsmen, not adverse to losing an occasional battle with the demon rum—on the whole a dear, lovable, colourful no-account, who should have been a novelist himself.

"When I was sixteen or seventeen years old I came to the city of Chicago, and there for four or five years I worked as a common labourer. The Spanish War saved me from this. I enlisted, and to my amazement, when I went to my home town to become a soldier, I was greeted as a hero—one who had given up a lucrative position in the city to fight for his country! My natural shrewdness led me to take advantage of this situation, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. The rest of my story is a very simple one. When I came back from the war, I got into the advertising business, and have been a writer of advertising ever since, excepting for a few years, when I attempted to become a manufacturer. The advertising business is one that lends itself peculiarly to what I wanted to do in life. I do not understand why more novelists do not go into it."

• • •

Beatrice Forbes - Robertson Hale, whose first novel, *The Nest-Builder,* was published recently, needs no introduction to the American public, to whom she is already a notable figure as actress and lecturer. And though *The Nest-Builder* is her first venture in fiction, she has already achieved marked success with a book on the feminist movement, entitled *What Women Want.* Mrs. Hale is an English woman, of a family long distinguished for its literary and dramatic achievements. She is a niece of Forbes-Robertson, the actor; a grandchild on her father's side of John Forbes-Robertson, well known as an art critic in London, and on her mother's of Joseph Knight, F.S.A., editor of the London *Notes and Queries* and the foremost dramatic critic of his day.

At the age of seventeen she made her dramatic début with Sir Henry Irving in *Robespierre.* She won fame in many Shakespearian rôles, and in 1907 came to America with Ellen Terry. After her marriage to Swinburne Hale, a New York lawyer, she left the stage, and has since devoted herself to lecturing upon poetry, the drama, English and American politics and feminism. Considering her own experiences as an

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artist and a home-maker, it is not surprising that this writer's first novel should have for its theme artistic temperament *vs.* home-making instinct. Such is *The Nest-Builder,* in which a young painter, who despises the monotony of dull domesticity, marries a girl of the maternal type, who finds in him the answer to her unvoiced longing for a home and children.

• • •

Wayland Wells Williams, author of a first novel, *The Whirligig of Time,* is a young university man, who has, however, seen something of the world. The son of a Yale professor, he was born and brought up in New Haven. Before entering college he studied French in Vevey and in Paris, and after graduating from Yale in 1910 spent another year abroad at the University of Munich. Returning to this country, he worked for a couple of years on the *New York Evening Post.* He left in 1913 on account of ill health, and has since been living in New Haven. He has written verse which has been published in various magazines. *The Whirligig of Time* is laid partly at Yale, and deals with university life from a new angle. The story is of two brothers, both college men, totally unlike in their attitudes toward life, but linked by a strong inarticulate bond which makes them ready to give to one another understanding and support.

• • •

Laurence Hayward, author of *The Way Hearts Go,* is a Harvard man (class of 1901) who thinks there is a place in American life for the standard sort of novel, somewhat after the type of Anthony Trollope, or better, Archibald Marshall, with a decided dash of extra spice in it for American taste. He describes therefore what can be seen "in his own backyard"—which happens to be that pleasant country just to the north of Boston, which as the North Shore everyone knows has become one of America's "home counties" for many New York, Washington and Boston people. Of course, Harvard comes into *The Way Hearts Go,* so do also a good deal of love-making, more or less of the stock market, much of week-end life, and many of the best types of Americans, all set on the background of a rather sure and long-established country life. Mr. Hayward's home is in Newburyport, Massachusetts.

• • •

The Philippine Islands seem all too detached, mentally as well as physically, and yet they are an important, and will some day be an integral, part of these United States. A new novel that may acquaint us with something of the historical and temperamental background of the Philippines is *The Taming of Calinga,* a tale of the islands while they were still under the rule of Spain. The author, Mr. C. L. Carlsen, has spent much time travelling in true native style along the coasts and through the country of the Philippines. He is a graduate of the University of California, and at present is teaching in the Mission High School of San Francisco.

• • •

Allan Updegraff's boyhood was spent in Iowa and Missouri, with eager roving all the way from Iowa corn-fields to the Ozark Mountains, and this sound Middle-western training, which is the most American thing in the world, preceded Mr. Updegraff's first journalistic experience on a newspaper in South Chicago. Though he became city editor of the paper, he left it to enter Yale, where he was editor-in-chief of the *Yale Literary Magazine.* Mr. Updegraff's funds ran out, and he had to go to New York to earn his living. He had youth's adventure in working in book-stores and in a factory, and with a companion from the factory this Yale man, "incog," tramped, by brake-beam and freight and road, out to Montana, where for a summer he cleared right-of-way for a railroad, and lived with labourers of every nation.

But his poetry and short stories had already begun to make a mark, and he

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jumped from a camp among the Rockies to a magazine office in New York, as assistant editor of *Transatlantic Tales,* reading manuscripts and translating from French, German, and Italian. For a time he became editor, then went to the Berkshire Hills, where he did his literary work in an ancient farmhouse with huge fireplaces and an environment of old New England life.

Since that time, except for a brief editorship of the *Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate,* Mr. Updegraff has steadily contributed to the magazines. He now lives in Woodstock, in the hills of Central New York. *Second Youth* is Mr. Updegraff's first novel.

• • •

Miss Florence Irwin, whose *Road to Mecca* was her first venture in the field of fiction, has to her credit a goodly number of volumes in a different field. Her name is known to many devotees of Auction Bridge, and among her diversified interests are music and mathematics. She makes her home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and in recent years has spent her winters in Florida.

• • •

Miss Sylvia Chatfield Bates is the author of *The Geranium Lady,* published last season, and of *The Vintage,* a new novel just issued. She is a New England woman with New England traditions, a graduate of Elmira College, and has done graduate work at Radcliffe. At present she is a member of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion.* Her other literary work includes several short stories that have appeared in the different magazines.

• • •

Charles G. Norris, author of *The Amateur,* is a brother of the late Frank Norris and the husband of Kathleen Norris, the novelist. He is well known in New York circles, having been art editor of a number of New York periodicals. Recently he and Mrs. Norris have been living on Long Island, though both are originally from California. *The Amateur* is the story of the struggles of a young artist in New York City. Much of its realism comes from the author's own experience in the studios of New York and the sanctums of New York editors.

• • •

Miss Clemence Dane, whose first novel, *Regiment of Women,* has just made its appearance, is a young English woman, educated in private schools in England, Germany and Switzerland. Her first interest was not in literature as a profession, but in painting, which she studied at the Slade and in Dresden. "I meant to make it my profession," she says, adding with a charming frankness, "but it did not pay." When Miss Dane was twenty, which by the way was eight years ago, she went on the stage, where she was quite successful, playing every sort of part, but chiefly villainesses. *Regiment of Women* was begun when she was twenty-five and is her first attempt. Miss Dane says that she does all of her writing with her friend E. A., to whom her book is dedicated in these words:

Here's Our Book
As it grew.
But it's Your Book!
For, but for you,
Who'd look
At My Book?

• • •

Robert Cutler was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, in June, 1895. Preceded in life by four brothers—two Harvard crew captains and a Varsity quarterback—he found nothing left for him but to chronicle for maternal eyes those brothers' stalwart deeds in an ingenuous family weekly, printed, painted, published, and puffed by his hand alone. At school inky fingers betrayed again his occupation, and at Harvard University he brought shame upon the family by failing to make any team or pull any oar. Instead he indulged his fancy —during his sophomore year—by composing an excessively romantic colonial

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novel, filled with pistols and passion—which all hands agreed hastily to suppress. He was among the first eight to be elected to the Phi Beta Kappa from the class of 1916. Later, chosen poet of his class, he delivered at graduation fourteen Spenserian stanzas, to the effect that his classmates had wasted their time in college, for which presumption the *Boston Transcript* editorially squashed him. He also wrote the Baccalaureate Hymn and delivered in the Stadium the English Commencement disquisition, choosing the advocacy of universal military training for his theme.

Mr. Cutler's novel, *Louisburg Square,* was composed during the summer of 1915 and the winter and summer of 1916, during which time the kindly eye of Dean Briggs surveyed its growth. It is confessedly the work of a very young man, and work largely thought out during the mêlée of a last busy year in college and the first busy year of teaching the young idea how to write at Radcliffe and Harvard—an occupation soon to be abandoned.

• • •

Percival J. Cooney's novel is called *Kinsmen,* and is a story of early Canadian life. Mr. Cooney is at present a resident of Los Angeles and is well known as a superintendent of education. He is a Canadian by birth and taught school for many years in the township of Arnprior, Canada, which appears as the background of his novel.

• • •

Miss A. H. Fitch, author of *The Breath of the Dragon,* was born in New York City, but her home in childhood and youth was in Indiana with her grandfather, Hon. G. N. Fitch, formerly United States Senator for Indiana. Her uncle, Colonel Charles Denby, being United States Minister to China, she accompanied her aunt to Peking in the early nineties and spent nearly two years there. China in the nineties was the old China, and it abounded in interesting, novel and amusing experiences. "On one occasion, at our temple out at the hills," writes the author, "I had the unusual experience of a visit from a Chinese princess, who, hearing of my presence and being anxious to see a young foreign girl, came, contrary to all Chinese convention of those days, to call on me. She was accompanied by a large retinue. She was a pretty young woman, though her looks were somewhat marred by two long plugs of cotton which protruded from each nostril—a sanitary precaution on her part to avoid breathing the same air as a foreigner. China at that time was a land of adventure, of excitement, of mediæval contrasts, and this I have endeavoured to show in my novel, *The Breath of the Dragon.*"

• • •

Allen French, author of *The Hiding Places,* is a Boston man, graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1892 and from Harvard in 1894 and was for five years instructor in English at Harvard until 1913. Mr. French has had two main occupations—farming and writing books for boys and girls. Perhaps there is a sort of picturesque alliance between the two. He has written a number of juvenile historical books, such as *The Colonials, The Heroes of Iceland* and *The Siege of Boston.* In addition to these he has not failed to give evidence of his farming experience. *How to Grow Vegetables* appeared in 1911 and in 1914 *The Beginner's Garden Book.*

In *The Hiding Places* we again find the distinct suggestion of his farming career. The scene is laid on an old New England farm of very much the sort we imagine Mr. French himself owns. The story is one of feud and love with a good deal of mystery about it and a lot of New England.

• • •

Peter Sanders, Retired is by Gordon Hall Gerould, a professor of English at Princeton. Mr. Gerould was born in New Hampshire, graduated from Dartmouth in 1899, received the degree of B.Litt. at Oxford in 1901, became

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an instructor in English philology at Bryn Mawr College in 1902 and is now associate professor and John Rutherford preceptor in English at Princeton. Mr. Gerould has written a number of contributions to publications of philology, in which he is particularly interested, and has written or edited such books as *Collected Essays of Fielding.*

Perhaps one would not expect of a man whose career has been apparently so academic a novel of the sort that Mr. Gerould has produced. Peter Sanders, the hero, was a gambler who, when not actively conducting his gambling house, was a scholarly, intelligent man and a book collector of impeccable taste. The gambler's house itself was a quiet, decorous mansion in which fortunes were won or lost without any outside disturbance. It was supposed to be on Forty-fourth Street, New York, one door east from Delmonico's, with large columns on each side of the doorway, but Mr. Gerould does not say so in his book, neither does he mention the secret door which some people say leads out of Delmonico's and into Peter Sanders's apartments. Mr. Gerould has contributed a number of the episodes on Sanders's career to magazines at various times, but this is the complete story of his life.

• • •

Miss Corbett, the author of *Cecily and the Wide World,* was born in Illinois, but she has lived in Wisconsin continuously since babyhood. She is a graduate of the Milwaukee High School and the University of Wisconsin, class of 1910, and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. She has been active in club and suffrage work in Milwaukee. The novel has for its plot the misunderstandings and maladjustments in the married life of Cecily and her husband, both of whom have too much ability for the narrow and comfortable life in which they find themselves. They separate and go into absorbing work. Through the experiences which come to them, they reach an understanding of each other.

• • •

Several additional photographs of the year's new authors will be found in the "Brevities" section of this issue.

TO A GREAT MAN

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

We who toil endless in obscurity
Look up to you who have attained great height
As one elect. Before your acknowledged might
We stand in true and humble fealty,

Knowing too well how wide the gulf may be
Between us. Nevermore will failure blight
Or doubts make dim the splendour of your light,
Secure in fame, above all rivalry!

And yet, while we that eminence admire,
We envy not. For you the race is run,
The goal achieved, attained the victory.

We have the world before us! Our soul's fire
Still mounts in visions to the mid-day sun
And glories in divine uncertainty!

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

AMONG the latest "offerings" of the publishers are several new yarns of the immortal kind which have to do with missing documents and hidden treasures. *Lost Endeavour* takes up and employs the ancient materials quite frankly, yet not perfunctorily. The reader who could not warm to *Captain Margaret* or to Masefield's other experiments (too clearly experiments) in prose romance, may find something more spontaneous and genuine here. All stories of this kind are bound, of course, to be referred in one way or another to *Treasure Island*. In default of that now classic model, this tale might not have been what it is. But it is by no means imitation or echo, it swings along through its tropic seas and outlandish adventures of its own momentum. The action is dated in the last decade of the seventeenth century. This, however, is merely a matter of convenience. A day of press-gangs and privateers would have evident advantages of setting and costume for our purpose, but Mr. Masefield does not make the mistake of boring us with trivial fidelities to the past. Anybody who hunts for them may find plenty of anachronisms here, and may give thanks for being spared the wooden gadzooksing and the stilted thou-play which are a familiar curse of "historical" fiction. The main thing is the atmosphere of romantic adventure in which the first chapter immerses us, and from which we do not escape until the story-teller pleases. The chief figures are an English school-boy, Charles Harding, and one of his masters, Teodoro Mora, "Spanish by birth, French by education, and English by choice—a mixture of three good things." They are kidnapped together. The boy becomes a slave in Virginia; the man (who is not much more than a boy) escapes from his captors, and by a series of chances becomes involved with a crew of smugglers and pirates. Then kindly coincidence throws the boy, Charles, into their hands, and a sea-adventure begins which centres in Mora's secret knowledge of a veritable treasure island—which holds other treasure than gold. It is all very spirited and thrilling till we get toward the end, and there, to tell the truth, the affair rather peters out. With a fine strong finish permitting the triumph of Mora and his attendant Charles, we should have had a big story. We cannot take it kindly of the story-teller that, after all our excitement and peril, we do not quite get anywhere. A perfect treasure-tale must not concern a lost endeavour, and we have to get our satisfaction here out of the episodes rather than out of the action as a whole. But the episodes are thrilling. There are some fine salt-water characters here, too, notably "Dick," the doughty and resourceful, with his forcible yet placid method: "'That's the style,' said Dick cheerily. 'Rally now for Boca Drago. That's my hearty cocks. Away now and break it. And you (turning to me), aloft with you to the fore-topmast cross-trees. When

*Lost Endeavour. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Hiding-Places. By Allen French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Middle Pasture. By Mathilde Bilbro. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Mag Pye. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Wonder. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Children of Fate. By Marice Rutledge. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Job. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Chosen People. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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you see a rock ahead, sing out. You know how a submerged rock looks? When that water ahead turns pale, sing out. Otherwise we shall bump on a few jolly mermaids. Away now: aloft with you.' "

In *The Hiding-Places* and *The Middle Pasture* the treasure-and-document business is successfully reduced to terms of current American life. Mr. Rex Beach did this a little while ago, but we had to go to Cuba with him for the sake of atmosphere and costume. Yet there is plenty of romantic material of this kind in our older States. Mr. French's "Diamond Hill" is an old New England farm which has always been posted against trespass because its first owner, an old privateer or buccaneer of the War of 1812, is known to have concealed treasure there. Is this fantastic? I myself happen to live on an old farm which belonged to a Yankee privateer and slaver of the eighteenth century; the stone walls were built by his slaves. Within sight of my study window is the house of a pair of brothers, "land poor," who, according to neighbourhood tradition, will not sell any of their land because there is buried treasure there. A ghost, I understand, goes with it! Mr. French's old pirate divided his land and money between two nephews, and left the description in his will of five leaden boxes of specified shapes which he had concealed in different places about the estate. Either of the brothers was to have the right of search on the other's place, and of keeping what he might find there. An admirable precaution for keeping the land in the family! Seventy years later, when the present action begins, only two of the jewel-laden boxes have been found. The land is still farmed by descendants of the original cousins. Their younger representatives are a son Binney and a daughter Margery, who are great friends and nearly grown up. In the first chapter Binney finds the third box, the Flat Oblong, in a wall on Margery's farm, to the tune of thirty thousand in diamonds and rubies. This is pleasant, but Binney's guileless father presently puts his money on the wrong stock and loses it all. The father dies of shock, and Binney returns from his city experiment to take up the farm work of his father. There are two magical boxes left: how they are discovered, and the family *casus belli* disposed of for good, and everybody made happy ever after, shall not be revealed here. It is a kind of romance which would be contemptible if it were done cheaply; but it is done very well indeed, with, for good measure, some touches of genuine characterisation—a thing which cannot fairly be demanded of the pure romancer.

In *The Middle Pasture* the family bone of contention is not a buried treasure, but the pasture itself—which, to be sure, turns out to contain riches. A large farm has been divided between two brothers, but a long field in the middle of the estate is not specified in the will, and each of the brothers claims it. Neither will put the question to legal test, lest the field be divided: hence a long, silent feud which is duly but not too quickly resolved by the present action. The plot, which is pretty intricate, contains a good many elements of rural comedy and of rural melodrama but, on the whole, they are well combined and subordinated to the main romantic intention. The story-teller, little Beatrice Crawford, is a healthy little American, full of conscious and unconscious humour. She contrives somehow to be in the thick of all events of importance, and is a spirited chronicler. Lightning and a lost will play their part in this story, as in *The Hiding-Places*. But it remains for dynamite, in the hands of Beatrice and her crew, to bring to light the unsuspected treasure of the pasture. The notable thing about these two stories, as about so many current experiments in romance, is the realism of detail by means of which the spinner makes his old yarn plausible—a trick in itself ancient before Defoe perfected it in English, exactly two centuries ago.

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Romance also is the story of *Mag Pye,* but romance in subtler guise: a romance of atmosphere and sentiment rather than of machinery and gusto. The chief figure is not an uncommon one in recent fiction—the lonely and neglected child of Bohemia who is destined to make her way to success and happiness by sheer force of character. Mag Pye's father is a drugged and down-at-heels painter, with a mysterious past. Two women are involved in that past, the woman he might have married, and the woman he did marry. The first is an English lady who has cast him off for a single act of perfidy—which, to be sure, has given sufficient proof of fatal weakness in his character. Having cast him off, this lovely lady has mourned him all her life. On the rebound of his misery he marries a little French woman, who adores him, but who, perceiving that she cannot make him happy, deserts him and their young child. Thus, years later, we find Mag Pye and her father in a London half-slum, living under an assumed name, derelicts of society. But the child is born to be everybody's protégée, and what she is to the charwomen and to the mysterious "Madame Aimée," she presently becomes to various persons in higher circles. The first of them is the middle-aged barrister who is supposed to tell the story and who, as it chances, is the life-long devotee of the lovely lady who might have been Mag's mother (or thereabouts). Mag is duly taken up by that lady. It is discovered that she can draw, and she is put in the way of proper instruction by a wealthy amateur. She has, as it turns out, a little vein of genius, but it quickly runs out, not greatly to her regret, since her choice is for that happiness in love which fate does not long withhold. It is a story of graceful humour and unforced sentiment, at its weakest where it bothers with plot: the mystery of Madame Aimée is drawn rather thin. Mag herself is delightful, a bit of fresh and honest youth conquering by virtue of its unfaltering sincerity.

The Spring Song is a book of still more delicate feeling. It also is the story of an exceptional child, but a child, as it were, at the other end of the human scale. The little Grif of this tale quite lacks the robust health of body and mind that are Mag Pye's chief defences against the world. He is a boy who has not lost his child heart, a sensitive, dreaming, lonely minded adventurer among the hard ways of life. He is utterly healthy of soul, but his lack of physical stamina makes him unfit to combat the spiritual disease which malicious chance implants in him; a figure of infinite pathos, a pure child-spirit broken on the wheel of human experience. He has, to be sure, no physical obstacles of poverty or city-confinement to contend with. The slight action of the story takes place in an atmosphere of leisurely country life. Grif is one of a family of healthy, normal, English children who, with their governess, come to pass the summer holidays with their grandfather, a kindly, rather absent old Canon, and his daughter, Aunt Caroline, who is a thorough but slightly matter-of-fact "good sort." Against this pleasant commonplace human background the figure of Grif stands a little detached yet not clearly defined. He is the odd one of the lot, everybody is fond of him but nobody understands him. He is not very responsible as to times and places, is always likely to disappear without notice upon some quixotic adventure or in some mood of mere roving. He has a very exceptional feeling for animals and for solitary nature, a half-mystical sense of communion with forces to which most of us are insensible. And he is quite inarticulate about all this. His sensitiveness and his reticence alike expose him to the evil influence of an old musician of unbalanced mind and dreadful history; and his nature suffers a shock from which life offers him no recovery. The piteousness of this portrait is further intensified by contrast with that of Palmer Dorset, a boy only a few years older than Grif, but uncannily cold-blooded, hard-headed and self-centred

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It is he who wins admiration with his selfish cleverness, while poor Grif, the pure of soul and of heart, gets nothing better than affectionate pity. The best we can say for Grif is that he is destined to go out of life as he came into it, trailing his clouds of glory.

An equally original story with an oddly contrasting theme is Mr. Beresford's *The Wonder*. It is of course a fantasy, though the chronicler spares no pains to give it the quality of a matter-of-fact record. What he conceives is nothing less than pure mind, absolute intellectual wisdom, embodied by a miracle or an immense fluke in the child of a famous provincial cricketer and an equally uneducated but essentially less commonplace wife. The father has been disabled in his prime, and marries in the hope of getting a son who, under his sole training, shall become the greatest bowler of all time. It is to be a child without habits or prepossessions, who may be moulded from the outset to the great end. But the mother's prenatal will, bent upon this, produces a child-body possessed by an intellect full-formed, totally free from ordinary human limitations. The child is physically abnormal, with the huge head of an idiot and the eyes of a god. Under his gaze, even before he has arrived at speech, wise men quail and dull men helplessly cringe. At four he has mastered all human knowledge and cast it aside as fumbling and fruitless. He becomes an object of hatred to smaller spirits, who resent the superiority they are forced to acknowledge, and to more than one great scholar whom he has easily routed, rendering as naught the proud labours of a lifetime. His own absolute knowledge he cannot convey, since no human brain is capable of getting more than a glimpse of it. There is something disintegrating and devastating about his presence in a world of partial and relative wisdom; and his early death (at the hands, we suspect, of some representative of inimical humanity) comes as an enormous relief even to those of his fellow-beings who have tried hardest to yield him his due. Some hints of his philosophy and of its blasting influence on human life in its present phase are to be found in the closing comment of Challis, who, perhaps, has grasped more of the prodigy's formula than any other: "We are still mercifully surrounded with the countless mysteries of every-day experience, all the evidences of the unimaginable stimulus we call life. Would you take them away? Would you resolve life into a disease of the ether—a disease of which you and I, all life and all matter, are symptoms? Would you teach that to the child, and explain to him that the wonder of life and growth is no wonder, but a demonstrable result of impeded force, to be evaluated by the application of an adequate formula? . . . You and I are children in the infancy of the world. Let us to our play in the nursery of our own times. The day will come, perhaps, when humanity shall have grown and will have to take upon itself the heavy burden of knowledge. But you need not fear that that will be in our day, nor in a thousand years. . . . Meanwhile leave us our childish fancies, our little imaginings, our hope—children that we are—of those impossible mysteries beyond the hills."

Children of Fate is, so far as I know, quite unique among the novels which the Great War has brought forth. It embodies a passionate argument for pacifism and, above all, for a crusade among women against war. We are in Paris at the moment of the outbreak, we see a typical family of the French middle class sending off its sons to the front. Two of them are natural soldiers and go exulting. The third is a student at the Beaux Arts, wrapped up in his work and in the American fellow-student to whom he is secretly betrothed. He has no faith in war as a remedy, nor has she; but at the moment of his departure she responds to his great need by assuring him, against her own conviction, that he is doing his duty. Thereafter, in her letters, she heartens him by false words.

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He is sent home wounded, and for a time happiness returns to them, but the moment of his recovery is the moment when his family and his sense of duty make fresh demands upon him. But this second sacrifice is more than his betrothed can bear. She strips off the mask of her false enthusiasms for glory and for country, and confesses that she sees only waste and crime in the war. She has sent him off with lies, "lies to suit his uniform," but she cannot do it again. And she protests that it is by just this sort of falsity that women are making themselves responsible for war: "Now this is what I . . . one woman . . . believe," she cries: "That those women who in Germany, England, France, Russia, America and all the other nations gave their voice freely to this or any war, unconsciously abetting schemes of governments and capitalists, are fools and criminals. They should have foreseen results. Men are ruled mainly by their primal instincts. But they, the women, should have known that if races are to evolve into a higher state it must be through finer, cleverer methods than war." One observes here the "certain condescension" of complacent feminism toward the dull and errant male, and the somewhat shrill note of the special pleader. But whatever may be thought of this book in its character of tract or brief, its dignity and moving quality as a story are beyond question. And it may be that the reader will hold by this soldier's creed, so hardly come by, "If by adding my life to the millions I can assist a natural terrific manifestation of good, I must consider myself enrolled in an eternal cause," rather than by this woman's "He had gone the way of the youthful millions and the world was none the better for it."

Two other novels of notable seriousness, by American authors, are before us. *The Job* is a feminist document. It sets out to prove, by a particular instance, what obstacles of inheritance and tradition must be faced by the woman who wishes to make her own way; how those obstacles may be overcome; and what the reward may be. This might easily have been a bore, especially as the showman is rather prone to overdo his part. He has little notion of pinning himself down to the business in hand, the telling of his story, the embodying of his idea, but must step aside from it, at will, to lay down the law about all sorts of things. A good many of the pages in this book might be cut out to its advantage. But Mr. Lewis has a story to tell, and does fairly embody his idea in interpreting the character of Una Golden. Una is not a striking person, her origin is as commonplace as possible, she has no marked beauty or charm. She is simply an American girl of the "small town," bred in the parasitic theory of woman's sphere, with narrowness all about her, and no hope for the future unless through breaking away and finding a broader atmosphere. That means, of course, New York. It is a quaint theory among current story-tellers that a dingy flat abreast of the elevated, *passim,* offers opportunities for broad and free living such as are unknown to any white cottage on any village street. Mr. Lewis, for one, does not conceal the fact that Una's first experience of New York is an experience of provincialism plus squalour and turmoil. But for one of her courage and sturdiness it does offer a starting-point. Una's ambition is not to achieve happiness or even pleasure, but to make her own way, to be herself to some purpose, "economically" and socially in the human sense. She is a nice little thing, with a basis of sound character to build her life upon. Mr. Lewis takes the easiest way with her, in one respect. The convenient method of emphasising a woman's strength is to surround her with feeble men. Una's father is one of the most pretentious and useless citizens of Panama, Pennsylvania. Her only suitor there is "old Henry Carson, the widower, with catarrh and three children." The men she knows more or less intimately in New York are (in the order

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of their appearance) (1) Sanford Hunt, an honest but not forceful young fellow-pupil at commercial school; (2) Julius Edward Schwirtz, paint salesman, "ungrammatical and jocose; he panted a good deal, and gurgled his soup"; (3) S. Herbert Ross, advertising manager of the "Motor and Gas Gazette," a busy and clever piece of business machinery; (4) Walter Babson, roving young male, journalist, advertising man, and what not, with plenty of "temperament" and no moral anchor. It is to Babson that she gives her maiden heart, but he, loving her to the best of his ability, is only strong enough to leave her physically unharmed. His argument is that he has not "found himself" and does not deserve her. Perhaps he is right. After he has vanished westward upon his vague quest, Una marries the gurgling Schwirtz and accepts the parasitic life, until circumstance at last justifies her revolt from it. Then begins her real career; she wins in the open field against all business comers, males preferred; and when Babson turns up again, a made man, he is not, after all, so well made as she. The upshot is that partnership on equal terms—on money terms in particular—which is our current ideal of matrimony. What justifies the book, in the end, is not its "idea," or its incidental cleverness, which is notable, but its portrait of a woman. Una Golden is—herself.

The Chosen People is a book of ideas, yet free from animus; its problem is discussed with warmth, but dispassionately. In a rough sense this may be called a Jewish "Inside of the Cup." It concerns not only certain persons being and doing certain things, but the whole status and destiny of the Jewish race in America. And this status and destiny, the author seems to say, are bound up in the question of the spiritual integrity of this people. If anywhere his own faith finds utterance, it would seem to be in the mystical belief of his young rabbi in the mission of his race, in the Jews as a "Priest People," whose destiny it is to make known God's blessing and truth to all nations. That is a revealing moment when Rabbi Philip, visiting a great hospital on an errand of mercy, is confronted at the entrance by a great statue of the Christ: "So significant was this huge mass of eloquent marble that there was scarcely need for the chiselled inscription—'Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you Rest.' . . . The young rabbi unconsciously paused, and paid full and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the Great Rabbi of Bethlehem, who has been chosen by millions as the symbol of Infinite Love, yet whose name has been invoked by myriads of false followers in justification of deeds of fiendish cruelty. 'He too was a Jew, and a teacher of our faith,' was the thought which flashed into Philip's mind, immediately to give place to his own characteristic idea. 'After all, it is we, who will not believe Him to be more than He truly was, who understand Him best—who can best teach the world what He meant it to know.'" Yet this very moment of exaltation is preparing its irony for him. The old Russian Jew to whose deathbed he has been called proves to be hopelessly a stranger. The elegant young rabbi knows nothing of the people of the Ghetto or of their speech. And herein is involved a very important element in Mr. Nyburg's theme. Rabbi Philip Graetz is of the prosperous German Jews who play a leading part in so many of our professions and industries, and who are at an opposite pole, socially and economically, from the hordes of Russian and Polish Jews who people our Ghettoes. Rabbi Philip and his class have neither language nor manners nor religious observances in common with these poor kinsmen. For Rabbi Philip is a prophet of a "reformed" faith. He eats the forbidden food, the men of his congregation take off their hats and sit with their women in the "temple," where the service is much like that of the Unitarians. To the orthodox Jews of the Ghetto these are apostates. Rabbi Philip wakes to this, determines, in his young zeal, to

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unite these strangers of one blood. But the chasm of religion is not the only one. In daily life the contact between the two classes is that between employer and hireling, and, in accordance with our current usage (if not theory) of business as a species of warfare, neither has pity for the other. Hence, in the ensuing tussle between Jewish capital and Jewish labour, the rabbi comes off rather lamentably: is not crushed between the millstones because they are not conscious of him. We leave him maintaining a somewhat precarious foothold upon his prophetic pedestal, through recourse to a new and half-despairing philosophy of opportunism. To tell the truth, he, like the young parson in the *Inside of the Cup,* begins his city ministry in a state of well-nigh incredible innocence as to human nature and ignorance of human conditions. He remains, with all his nobility of impulse, a piteous rather than heroic figure. The person who stands out here (as no person stood out in Mr. Churchill's story) with amazing force and roundness, is a Jew of the lower class, Rabbi Philip's antitype, the Satan of the episode: the scoffing, unscrupulous, immensely efficient and by no means ignoble antagonist, David Gordon.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

Coester's "The Literary History of Spanish America" and Elliot's "Brazil To-day and To-morrow"*

Mr. Coester's *Literary History of Spanish America* makes its appearance at a critical moment in the relations of North and South America, shut off, as they are, from their parent stocks in Europe and after years of half-regard and some jealousy thrown together through the necessities of the foreign wars. Both North and South are therefore in a mood to appreciate fully any attempt to further a mutual knowledge of American arts and letters, and therefore surprise will grow to delight as the North Americans discover in Central and South America great forces and literary achievement that compare favourably with—and even, be it said, surpass—the product of our native authorship.

Mr. Coester's book fills an inestimable place as a guide and counsellor in this otherwise uncharted study. After discussing "The Colonial Period" and "The Revolutionary Period" in South American literary fields, the age of Fray Bartolomé de las Casas and the military poetry of Eroilla's "Araucana," Mr. Coester takes up the story of each of the great political states in turn. Beginning with Argentina he discusses in a judicial manner the merits of such leaders as Estéban Echeverría (1805-51), a Byronic poet; as José Marmol (1818-81), a well-known novelist after the manner of Walter Scott; as Bartolomé Mitre (1821-1906) and Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-88), great editors, politicians and poets. It is the latter of these who gives us this summary of the qualities of the *gaucho,* or rough rider of the Argentine pampas who has been the foundation of a whole school of South American letters. "The *gaucho* outlaw will make his appearance in a place just left by soldiers, will talk in a friendly way with the admiring group of good *gauchos* around him; provide himself with tobacco, *yerba-mate,* which makes a refreshing beverage, and if he discovers the soldiers, he mounts his horse quietly and directs his steps leisurely to the wilderness, not even

*The Literary History of Spanish America. By Alfred Coester. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Brazil To-day and To-morrow. By Lillian Elwyn Elliot. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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deigning to look back. He is seldom pursued; that would be killing good horses to no purpose, for the beast of the *gaucho* outlaw is a bay courser, as noted in his own way as his master. If he ever happens to fall unawares into the hands of the soldiers, he sets upon the densest mass of his assailants and breaks through them with the help of a few slashes left by his knife on the faces or bodies of his opponents and, lying along the ridge of his horse's back to avoid the bullets sent after him, he hastens toward the wilderness, until having left his pursuers at a convenient distance he pulls up and travels at his ease. The poets of the vicinity add this new exploit to the biography of the desert hero and his renown flies through all the vast region around. Sometimes he appears before the scene of a rustic festival with a young woman whom he has carried off, and takes a place in the dance with his partner, goes through the figures of the *cielito,* and disappears unnoticed. Another day he brings back the girl he has seduced to the house of her offended family, sets her down from his horse's croup and, reckless of the parents' curses by which he is followed, quietly betakes himself to his boundless abode."

To the account of "The Argentines" there is also Olegario Victor Andrade (1838-83), "the true national poet, because he reflects in his beautiful songs the aspirations of that young and lively democracy which frets itself in supreme longings for liberty, progress and civilisation, while it is the melting-pot for the diverse elements of the Latin races from which will spring a new American type, destined to preside over an important evolution of the human species in the New World." Only remain to be noticed the Balzacian novelist Carlos Maria Ocantos and Enrique Rodriguez La Larreta, whose *La Gloria de Don Ramiro* was published in 1911.

Thus through different chapters entitled Uruguay, Chile, Peru and Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela, Mexico, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Central America, Mr. Coester leads us down to modern times in his final chapter on "The Modernista Movement," which proves to be an able summary of his earlier discussions and a description of the manner in which the Spanish language adapted itself to the form and substance of the French Parnassian, decadent, and symbolist schools. "The poets consciously sought to widen the horizon of poetic endeavour by rejecting the tyranny of ancient rules of prosody. Their cult of beauty led them to evocations of ancient Greece and their love of elegance to the Versailles of the eighteenth century. The later poets have rejected this theory—that their civilisation was European—and built on a universal Americanism which finds its bond of union in a common language and a similar racial origin."

In this final chapter we read the story of Rubén Darío (1867-1916) and his confrères and followers, Gutierrez Nájera, Salvador Díaz Mirón, Julián del Casal, the Colombians José Asuncion Silva (1860-96), Guillermo Valencia and Antonio Gomez Restrepo, and the Peruvian, José Santos Chocano (1875-——).

Miss Lillian Elwyn Elliot's *Brazil To-day and To-morrow* is a comprehensive study of the fortunes past and future of the great Portuguese republic of South America. The author has come to her task after a great deal of preparation and travel in the many provinces of Brazil, and her enthusiasm pervades her volume with a more than usual charm. She declares that South American literature is a phase of French literature: "yet in Brazil this would have less truth than in most parts of Latin America, because this country has so largely developed a series of writers who take native Brazilian life for their theme. I know no other South American country whose literature is so emancipated, not from the French style, as from European subject matter." She goes on to laud the charming novel *Innocencia,* by Visconde de Taunay, the *O Sertão* of Coelho Netto; the *O Gau-*

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cho of José de Alencar, and continues with the description of the patriotic work for military service and development of Brazilian young men by "The Prince of Brazilian Poets," the author of the *Via Lactea,* Olavo Bilac.

With these two recent volumes of Mr. Coester and Miss Elliot we mark the opening of the campaign for better mutual acquaintance between our continental neighbours. It is to be hoped that in the forthcoming lists of our publishers there will be found announcements of new translations of some of the South American masterpieces of poetry and fiction. The genius of our Latin brethren has already prepared a feast for any reader of Spanish and Portuguese. *Thomas Walsh.*

III

Kornilov's "Modern Russian History"*

Russian historiography can boast of no more trustworthy and complete survey of Russia's evolution in the nineteenth century than Professor Kornilov's *History.* Its English version is, therefore, a most valuable addition to the literature on the country whose miraculous awakening has recently taken the world off its feet. It is likely to contribute to the knowledge and understanding of Russia more than any other single work which has appeared in English in late years.

The History of Russia in the Nineteenth Century, to use the descriptive title of the original work, is an outgrowth of a course of lectures delivered by the author at the Polytechnicum of Peter the Great, in Petrograd. It might well be used as a manual for academic work in modern Russian history, but it is not intended exclusively for the student and has none of the ear-marks of a text-book. All those who take a sufficiently serious interest in the great Slav imperium will find it profitable to draw from this store-house of wide and accurate information, lucidly exposed and skilfully organised by the eminent historian. The work falls into three parts. The first, which covers the reigns of Paul I and Alexander I, opens with two introductory chapters containing a few methodological considerations, a bird's-eye view of Russia's historical evolution up to the end of the eighteenth century, and an analysis of the situation of the country on the eve of the nineteenth century. The second part deals with the epoch of Nicholas I. The third section, which is also the amplest and the most valuable one, is an elaborate history of the country renovated by the great reforms of the sixties. It closes with the death of Alexander III, and does not cross the threshold of that most dramatic period of Russian history which culminated in the upheaval of the years 1905-6. The reign of Nicholas II is outlined in a supplement which comes from the pen of the translator.

The methodological principles which underlie the book are clearly defined by the author. His aim is not a mere pragmatic account of historical events, but a broad picture of the life and culture of Russian society. This picture is by no means an algebraic abstraction or a schematic drawing. It is based on concrete facts and forces, taken up in a strictly chronological order. A Russian critic has pointed out that our author lacks a definite conception of the historical process and that in places his exposition does not rise above a mechanical linking together of heterogeneous facts. The truth is that Professor Kornilov is loath to sacrifice the integrity of primary historical data to any straight-jacket philosophy of history. He comes nearest to the school of Russian historians which might be termed "sociological" and which owes its development to the genius of the lately deceased historian Klyuchevsky. This school views the historical process in all its complexity and studies its various interrelated as-

*Modern Russian History. By Alexander Kornilov. Translated from the original Russian by Alexander S. Kaun. Two volumes with maps. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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pects, such as the economic evolution, the political forms, the social forces, the ideology; but, unlike the economic materialists, this school does not undertake to decide which of these aspects are basal and which derived.

Russia's military affairs and her international situation are not neglected by our author, but the internal history occupies the main place in his work. Economics, institutions, social classes, education, movements—political, social and intellectual — all these subjects are treated with admirable precision and concreteness which come from the author's mastery of a large mass of facts.

Much attention is also given to the personal character of the rulers and statesmen, because of their influence on the historical destinies of the autocratic state. Upon the whole, the book gives a fair idea of the latest standards of Russian scholarship in the field of historical research. It may be properly remarked here that Russians have done a great deal for the study of the past, and that the country's emancipation will give a direct impetus to historical scholarship by opening up archives hitherto inaccessible to the worker. It is characteristic of the zeal with which historical research is conducted in Russia that only several months ago in the very midst of the war there were started two new reviews devoted exclusively to history.

It is hardly necessary to add that Professor Kornilov is a man of progressive views: in these late years no thinking and right-minded person in Russia has sided with the old régime. But he does not let his personal convictions stand between himself and his subject, he treats the past with an impartiality and objectiveness which well behoove a historian. Mr. Kaun, the author of the additional section which brings the work up to the year of grace 1916, does not pretend to treat his subject matter in a historical perspective. What he offers is, in his own words, "a subjective interpretation of the most salient events during the present reign as reflected in the mind of the Russian *inteligentsia*." One wonders whether the viewpoint of an enlightened and liberty-loving contemporary may not be also that of the future historian of the reign of Russia's last autocrat. At any rate, Mr. Kaun's subjectivism has not prevented him from making a correct prognosis of Russia's internal status. "One need not be a prophet," says he, in concluding his vigourous sketches, "to foretell that the present order of things will have to disappear. The only citadel of the bureaucracy in 1905-6—the army—has learned in this war an unforgettable lesson of the crimes of their rulers in Petrograd. And one may hope that in the last conflict between the people and the bureaucracy the army will prove to be the people's army."

That Indignation is a maker of verse has been known now for nearly two thousand years. We are glad to applaud it now in the rôle of a historian.

Abraham Yarmolinsky.

IV

S. S. McClure's "Obstacles to Peace"*

It is a dangerous thing to venture into the already overfilled field of books about the war. But Mr. S. S. McClure has made more than one dangerous venture in his busy energetic life, and most of them have been successful. This last can rank among the successes also. For all its wide background, crowded with too great a wealth of detail, like an overfull museum before the beneficent hand of the curator has ordered and arranged the material, this book gives its readers much information, and much food for reflection. It is a book we want to read carefully, and yet we want to read it in one sitting, for its eagerly journalistic touch gives the personal note that appeals. It has the faults of the journalistic quality: a too great lingering over sensational details, and endless repetition; but it has also the

*Obstacles to Peace. By S. S. McClure. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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good journalistic quality of immediateness, and a quality not always associated with journalism (although it should be), that of wanting to show facts on all sides of the picture that the reader may form his own judgments. In this Mr. McClure remains pleasingly reportorial, and does not become sufficiently editorial to annoy us.

On the editorial side of this book, its most important quality is Mr. McClure's keen understanding of the fact that war is first of all a state of mind . . . engendered, made possible and carried on by states of mind. Beliefs, awakened and held in consciousness in the public mind through the organs of public opinion, bring about a state of mind in which war seems the only possible alternative. Other beliefs, awakened and held aroused by the powers interested in carrying on the war, blind the eyes of nations to the real fallacy of war, and make it possible that wars shall be carried on. A truer, more deeply fundamental thing was never said. And yet Mr. McClure's book is one of the very few books about the war in which this truth has been emphasised, and in which it is made the corner-stone of all argument. There is a mighty lesson for ourselves in this. Mr. McClure makes his lesson all the more pointed by apparently attaching all possible importance to the diplomatic dealings of "High Politics," and by showing us, without any comment, how they play at dice with the lives and deaths of thousands and hundreds of thousands.

In the line of mere information, an important point is the stressing of the Eastern Question, something little mentioned in papers, books, pamphlets, here that appeal to the general public. Statesmen and students of history know what Asiatic Turkey means to Europe and to this war. But Mr. McClure deserves a vote of thanks for having told the story so clearly, and in a manner that will interest even the reader seeking for entertainment only. Under present economic conditions governing production and distribution of wealth, the national ownership of trade channels, waterways, railways, mountain passes, has great importance. Conditions governing the trade advantages of ownership of the routes of the Bosphorus have been a fruitful cause of wars and rumours of wars in Europe for many years. They are, Mr. McClure shows us here, one of the main obstacles to an early settlement of the present trouble. And equally important is the desire of several European Powers for the right to develop and take for themselves the immense possibilities of wealth now lying idle in the great stretch of country known as Asiatic Turkey, the seat of ancient, forgotten empires. Plains once capable of supporting an enormous population now lie desert, but the great Powers of Europe know very well that these plains can bloom again. And they know very well the important position of this country from the point of view of economics and strategy. The control of this great country is, Mr. McClure says, the one real issue of this war and the true cause of the embittered struggle between England and Germany. In face of this, what Mr. McClure tells us of the agreement between England and Germany which had been drawn up and initialed by the negotiators, regarding a friendly participation of interests in developing Asiatic Turkey, is of great importance. By mere chance Mr. McClure obtained the text of this treaty, a document of which very little is known except by those immediately concerned, as it was to have been formally signed and proclaimed in September, 1914. It was lost in seas of blood and tears. But Mr. McClure has preserved an interesting historical document for us, and has also shown us how England, represented by Sir Edward Grey, and Germany, represented by the Emperor and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, worked earnestly to settle this burning question of diplomacy that peace for many years to come might be assured. It is one of the great world-tragedies that incidents, springing out of conditions and fostered by forces deliberately

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nurtured by nations that did not realise their danger, brought all these endeavours to naught.

In his chapter on the now nearly forgotten direct cause of the war Mr. McClure does what few American writers on that subject have done. He tries to let us see Austria's viewpoint in the matter. The Austrian-Servian question has some strong points of resemblance to our own situation in regard to Mexico. In Austria, as here, there were strong elements working to engender hatred and distrust of Servia; in Servia, as in Mexico, there were strong influences working on the natural patriotic feelings of the people to engender hatred and distrust of the more powerful neighbour. The assassination of the Archduke and his wife was the spark that caused the explosion. Mr. McClure's pages concerning Austria's insolent ultimatum to Servia and refusal to accept Servia's almost cringing apology read like a transcription of some recent events in our own history. Breathlessly fascinating is the chapter describing those thirteen days before the final great catastrophe.

In the general hatred and recrimination that now sweeps the world actual facts are forgotten, and those who would recall them are silenced with sneers. Mr. McClure has been brave enough to assert several times that the Kaiser emphatically did not want war, that the German Chancellor was first and foremost a man of peace. He does not deliberately place the blame where it belongs, on the German war party, the Agrarian Junker who, owning most of the land of Prussia, has for generations exercised an evil influence on the policy of Prussia. But we may agree with him when he says that even this war party did not, at the moment, actually drag its country into war. The fault lay in not recognising that the Austrian-Servian crisis might let loose feelings that could not be controlled. In Germany, as elsewhere in those days, it was thought that the trouble could be localised, and would pass over as similar crises had done before. There is no reason to doubt Mr. McClure's words that Sir Edward Grey alone, of all controlling diplomats, saw what might come and tried his best to avert it. Any more than there is any reason to doubt the story he quotes from an English magazine in which the Kaiser, when he finally signed the declaration of war, turned to his triumphant soldiers with the words, "Gentlemen, you will come to rue this day."

In the chapters dealing with the Western battle-line Mr. McClure gives some convincing arguments as to the reasons for the first German attack in that quarter, which are also the reasons why the German nation considers itself the victor in the West. The figures as to the production of coal and iron ore in the regions of France and Belgium now occupied by Germany explain also that the obstinacy as to Alsace Lorraine on the part of both France and Germany is not based altogether on sentimental reasons. The riches of this region, as of Asiatic Turkey, form formidable obstacles to a lasting peace. Territorial considerations everywhere are obstacles to peace, Mr. McClure says. But we might add that they can be such only while present economic conditions and points of view last. The conquering of the great obstacle, the state of mind which brings about war, which Mr. McClure has so rightly stressed, would of itself conquer the other obstacle. Taken all in all, with its wealth of information and its engagingly personal manner, this book is a notable contribution to the literature concerning the war.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Adventure

Treasure. By Gertrude S. Mathews. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A record in the first person of an adventurous search for a lost mine in South America.

Art

Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. By Edmond Pottier. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. With a Preface by Jane Ellen Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

In the form of a story of a Greek vase painter, the author tells the "why" and the "how" of painted Greek vases.

The Ideals of Painting. By J. Comyns Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A general view of the movement of painting from the time of Giotto to the present day.

Biography

English Biography. By Waldo H. Dunn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

Seventh volume of the series, "The Channels of English Literature": the genesis and evolution of English biography.

Camillus de Lellis: The Hospital Saint. By a Sister of Mercy. New York: Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece.

Information for this book of twelve chapters has been drawn largely from the life of St. Camillus de Lellis published by the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, London edition, 1850.

The Life and Poetry of James Thomson (B. V.). By J. Edward Meeker. New Haven: Yale University Press. Portrait. $1.75.

A sympathetic correlation of "B. V.'s" life and his poems.

The Brontës and their Circle. By Clement Shorter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Portrait. 50 cents.

First published in 1896 and chiefly of interest on account of the fresh material in the way of letters not available to previous biographers.

The Mexican War Diary of General George B. McClellan. Edited by William Starr Myers. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. $1.00.

A diary, with biography stressing the political influences behind the military operations of the Civil War.

Martin Luther: The Story of His Life. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Portrait. $1.00.

A contribution to the literature of the four hundredth anniversary of the Reformation.

The Life and Times of David Humphreys. By Frank Landon Humphreys. In two vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated.

Some forty chapters about this soldier, statesman, and poet, with an appendix in seven parts.

The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch. By Leonora Cranch Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $3.50.

Mainly in Cranch's own words, and giving his life as poet and artist in this country and in Europe, with side lights on many interesting personalities.

John Galsworthy: A Biography and a Critical Estimate of His Works. By Sheila Kaye Smith. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Portrait. 60 cents.

One of the "Writers of the Day" series.

Business

Business Competition and the Law: Some Everyday Trade Conditions Affected by the Anti-Trust Law. By Gilbert H. Montague. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

An account of the dangers of aggressive salesmanship, including such topics as "Handling of Price Cutters," "Price Standardisation."

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At the Sign of the Dollar. By Lorin F. Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

By concrete examples, the author shows the business value of a knowledge of human nature.

What You Can Do With Your Will Power. By Russell H. Conwell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Analysis of the careers of some four thousand American millionaires, all but twenty of whom started out as poor boys.

Training for a Life Insurance Agent. By Warren M. Horner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A manager of twenty-five years' experience describes the possibilities and rewards in every branch of life insurance.

The Effective Small Home. By Lillian Bayliss Green. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A practical book for home-makers.

How To Advertise. By George French. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A guide to designing, laying out, and composing advertisements.

Drama

Jephtha's Daughter. By James M. Cromer. Boston: The Gorham Press. Author's Portrait. $1.00.

The old Bible story in dramatic form.

The Cycle of Spring. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The author's latest drama, the spirit of which is the spirit of universal youth.

El Cid Campeador: An Opera in Three Acts, Eight Scenes. Spain Latter Part of the Eleventh Century. By Henry Washington Lee. Chicago: Ritzmann, Brookes & Company.

A dramatic presentation of the operatic libretto dealing with Spain's national hero.

Weighed in the Balance. By May F. James. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.00.

An allegorical history of the war, in four acts.

The Locked Chest and The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Two one-act plays, issued originally in a limited edition.

The Rib of the Man. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portrait. $1.30.

A five-act play—a vision of the betterment of the world and the means of bringing this about.

The Aristocrat: A Play in Three Acts. By Louis N. Parker. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

A drama of the French revolution.

Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama. Edited, with a Preface, by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Duffield & Company. $2.00.

Translations of three masterpieces of contemporary Spanish tragedy and comedy.

Two Masques. By Julia Hall Bartholomew. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.00.

"America" is the vision of Columbus; "The Women of Shakespeare" represents Court ladies of Elizabeth.

Within the Gates of Yildiz: A Play in Five Acts. By Julien L. Brode. Boston: The Gorham Press. Illustrated. $1.25.

Portrayal of the late revolution in Turkey, and the escape of a French girl from a harem.

Captain of the Host and The Supreme Test. By Florence Elise Hyde. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.00.

Two dramas: the first, of a man's conflict between reason and love; the second, of a girl's achievement of literary success in New York.

Gerry's Awakening. By Frances Pusey Gooch. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.00.

A comedy in three acts about the son of a newly rich family.

Essays

Essays in Brief for War-Time. By W. Warde Fowler. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 90 cents.

Twenty short essays, among which are: "Good Thoughts, in Bad Times," "'Coming to Life' in Fiction," "The New Tyrannis."

To the Nations. By Paul Richard. With an Introduction by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: James B. Pond. $1.00.

A young Frenchman's ideas of the new era. In twelve chapters, some of which are: "The Illusion of To-day," "The Dawn," "The Consciousness of Humanity."

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

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Fourteen sketches of personal experience, such as: "Life in Patagonia," "Concerning Eyes," "The Perfume of an Evening Primrose."

Surnames. By Earnest Weekley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.25.

A number of essays attempting to give historical evidence as to the character of our onomatology. "Pageant Names" and the "Shakespeare Type of Surname" are two of the chapters.

Fiction

Those Fitzenbergers. By Helen R. Martin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A satire of a generous Southern girl in a rich but mean Pennsylvania Dutch household.

The Hiding Places. By Allen French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

A romance of an old New England farm, of hidden treasure, feud, mystery, and love.

Her Own Sort and Others. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35.

A volume of ten stories including "Her Own Sort," "The Octopus," and "Her Man."

Vesprie Towers. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35.

A story of an impoverished old English family, into which folk-lore and the supernatural are woven.

Dumb-Bell of Brookfield. By John Taintor Foote. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

The story of a dog.

Brian Banaker's Autobiography. Set Down by W. B. Trites. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

The story of a millionaire up to his marriage at the age of twenty-four.

Brown-Eyed Susan. By Grace Irwin. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A mother-and-daughter story of homely interests and longings, culminating in a bit of romance.

Nadine Narska. By Baroness De Meyer. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company. $1.35.

A study of a woman's soul working out its own salvation.

Forest Fancies. By Lucy C. Kellerhouse. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Seven stories of the life of the trees and of the forest, such as: "The Merry Greenwood," "A Sylvan Easter."

Till The Clock Stops. By J. J. Bell. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.35.

A detective story full of mystery.

Lost Endeavour. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

An adventure story about pirates, buccaneers, and life on the seas.

The Blue Envelope. By Sophie Kerr. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A romance of a New York stenographer, told in the first person.

The Chaste Wife. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A story of married life.

My People. By Caradoc Evans. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.35.

A collection of fifteen stories portraying the Welsh peasant; among these are: "A Father in Sion," "A Heifer Without Blemish."

Children of the Desert. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

A romance of the Southwest border.

The Phœnix. By Constance M. Warren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A picture of American society, in which a girl unused to self-denial faces and solves a problem.

The Girls at His Billet. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A humourous love story of three sisters in an English village where war troops are quartered.

The Unhallowed Harvest. By Homer Greene. Philadelphia: George Jacobs & Company. $1.35.

The story of a man who makes a strong and determined fight for his ideal of justice for rich and poor alike.

Shadows. By H. Grahame Richards. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.40.

A romance of English life in war times, and of a young man's regeneration in the fighting before Paris.

The Man Who Tried To Be It. By Cameron Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

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A story for the business man and his wife.

Joan and the Babies and I. By Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Certain chapters from the autobiography of a novelist: a psychic call and its result.

The Hornet's Nest. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A love story wherein the underworld competes with law and order.

The Story of Ypres. By Hugh B. C. Pollard. London: McBride, Nast & Company, Ltd. Illustrated. 1s.

Told by a Captain of the London Regiment.

The Son of His Father. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A tale of the coal regions of Montana—of love and Wall Street.

Martin Valiant. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.40.

A tale of old England, in which a monk is the central figure.

The Golden Arrow. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A story set in a Welsh valley, and dealing with a woman's love and self-sacrifice.

In a Little Town. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.35.

Fourteen stories of life in a small middle-western town. "Don't You Care," "The Beauty and the Fool," "And This Is Marriage," are some of the titles.

Grail Fire. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A story of exalted idealism: the conflict between love and a consciousness of a vocation for the priesthood.

Too Much Efficiency. By E. J. Rath. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A humourous love story of an expert American household.

The Ways of Jane: A Story with which the Wise and Prudent Have No Concern. By Mary Finley Leonard. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25.

A tale of a humourous personality who wins her way into all hearts.

Aurora the Magnificent. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A love story of a Cape Cod woman, set down in the Anglo-American colony of Florence.

The Torch-Bearers of Bohemia. By V. I. Kryshanovskaya. Translated from the Russian by Juliet M. Soskice. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.40.

A Russian historical romance of the days when John Hus espoused national and religious liberty in his native Bohemia.

The Lifted Veil. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.40.

A story of a young assistant rector of a fashionable New York church, and a woman's confession.

They of the High Trails. By Hamlin Garland. Preface by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35.

Ten stories, among which are: "The Grub-Staker," "The Outlaw," "The Tourist."

The Son of Tarzan. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.30.

One of "The Tarzan Books," in which a white child of noble lineage is brought up by a tribe of anthropoid apes.

The Lady of Mystery House. By George C. Shedd. New York: The Macaulay Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A tale of mystery and romance, concerning a young man and some Florida property.

The Road to Understanding. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A real love story of everyday marriage, estrangement, and reconciliation.

The End. By L. P. Gratacap. New York: Thomas Benton.

A novelistic vagary: how the great war was stopped.

The Mannequin. By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.30.

A love story of surprising adventure in a New York dressmaker's.

Starr, of the Desert. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A Western story of a Secret Service man, a girl, and a Mexican revolt.

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The Coast of Opportunity. By Page Philips. New York: The Macaulay Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A romance of intrigue and adventure, in which big business is balked in the effort to take toll of the tropics.

Undertow. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25.

A story of a married pair caught in the undertow of extravagance.

Angele. By Edmond Tarbé. Translated by H. W. Bartol. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

A story of a French heroine and a brilliant though weak composer of opera.

Jan and Her Job. By Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A romance of a young English girl who is bringing up two delightful children, and of a young Indian government official.

Mountain Madness. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A story of the Southern mountains, where the lives of four young people cross.

Changing Winds. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

The tragedy of war as it falls upon four young Englishmen: "old men make war and leave young men to pay the price of it."

Children of Fate. By Marice Rutledge. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A novel laid in France, that will help us to decide what the future shall be when the war is over.

Journals of Small Things. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.35.

Scenes in diary form, from the author's life in France from August, 1914.

Cleek's Government Cases. By Thomas W. Hanshew. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A series of cases with an exciting connecting plot—the greatest riddles solved for honour, country and love.

The Diplomat. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

A melodrama of a semi-detective nature

A Modern Becky Sharp. By May Lincoln. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of an American girl's adventure in Japan.

Autumn. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.

A love story of a woman in her later years, with a youthful romance for contrast.

Bringing Out Barbara. By Ethel Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The experience of a New York débutante.

General Literature

The Human Drift. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Author's Portrait. $1.25.

A collection of six chapters, which represent the author as adventurer, as philosopher, and as dramatist.

Socialism in German-American Literature. By William Frederic Kamman. Philadelphia: Americana Germanica Press.

One of a series of monographs devoted to the comparative study of the literary, linguistic and other cultural relations of Germany and America.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. By Fabre d'Olivet. Done into English by Nayan Louise Redfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Author's Portrait.

In two parts: The "Discourse upon the Essence and Form of Poetry" explains and illustrates the style; his "Examinations of the Golden Verses" correlates Providence, Destiny, and Will.

History

Mount Rainier: A Record of Explorations. Edited by Edmond S. Meany. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Information about the discovery and exploration of Mount Rainier and its environs, including such topics as McClure's achievement and tragic death in 1897, the rocks, the glaciers, and the flora.

Modern Russian History: Being an authoritative and detailed history of Russia from the Age of Catherine the Great to the Present. (In two vols.) By Alexander Kornilov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00 a set.

Three parts: an outline of the condition of Russia at the end of the eighteenth century; a detailed account of the nineteenth century; and an outline of the lives of the Tzars, their Courts and Councillors, and the international policy of each ruler.

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The Development of China. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. With Map. $1.75.

An up-to-date history with some chapters on the modern transformation of China and her present-day problems.

The Pacific Ocean in History. Edited by H. Morse Stephens and Herbert E. Bolton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

Addresses and papers presented at the Panama-Pacific Historical Congress, 1915.

Frederick the Great: The Memoirs of His Reader, Henri De Catt (1758-1760). Translated by F. S. Flint. With an Introduction by Lord Rosebery. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Portrait. $7.50 the set.

Translation from the French text published from the manuscript in the Prussian State Archives.

The Old First: Massachusetts Coast Artillery in War and Peace. By Frederick Morse Cutler. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00.

The history of this body from its organisation in 1748 to the present time.

Juvenile

The Boy Scouts on Crusade. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The story of how the Black Eagle Patrol turned sleepy Lakeville into a wide-awake town.

The Princess of Let's Pretend. By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Eleven stories for children, some original and some retold classics.

Adventures in the African Jungle Hunting Pigmies. By William Edgar Geil. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A modern boy's adventures while hunting for Pigmies in Africa with his explorer uncle.

The White Queen of Okoyong: A True Story of Adventure, Heroism and Faith. By W. P. Livingstone. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

The life of Mary Slessor for young people.

The Boys' Book of Canoeing and Sailing: Building and Rigging Sailcraft, Canoe Handling and Motor Boat Management. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A practical book of information on canoeing and sailing, from the viewpoint of a professional sportsman.

"Pip": A Romance of Youth. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

A rollicking story of English schoolboy life.

The Adventures of Paddy the Beaver. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A bed-time story for children.

The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

Another bed-time story-book in twenty chapters.

Music

A Second Book of Operas. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Further discussions of the plots, the music, and the histories of important operas, in seventeen chapters.

Music and Life: A Study of the Relations Between Ourselves and Music. By Thomas Whitney Surette. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Eight chapters, among which are: "Music for Children," "Public School Music," "The Opera," "The Symphony."

Miscellaneous

The Plattsburg Manual: A Text-book for Federal Training Camps. By O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A first-steps in soldiering book: intended to bridge the gap between ignorance of military science and the highly technical books.

Hurrah and Hallelujah: The Spirit of New Germanism. A Documentation. By Dr. J. P. Bang. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Brochner. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

An arraignment of Germany—mainly through her intellectual and religious leaders.

The Play of Life. By Alta Florence Armstrong. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.00.

An elaboration of Shakespeare's statement, "All the world's a stage."

An Uncensored Diary. By Ernesta Drinker Bullitt. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

The author's account of experiences last summer in Germany, Austria Hungary, and Belgium.

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Fifth Avenue Events. New York: Printed for the Fifth Avenue Bank of New York, 1916.

A brief account of some of the most interesting events which have occurred on the avenue.

Should Students Study? By William Trufant Foster. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

An analysis of the subject, giving facts and figures.

Cousin-Hunting in Scandinavia. By Mary Wilhelmine Williams. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $2.00.

The author's personal observations and experiences.

Passaconaway in the White Mountains. By Charles Edward Beals, Jr. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.50.

A description of the scenery of the New England Highlands from the viewpoint of human interest.

Winning Out. By Charles H. Stewart. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher.

Arguments that civilisation is progressing in spite of present conditions.

The Trail of the Indoor Outer. By Raymond E. Manchester. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Company.

Reprinted largely from Outer's Book, Sports Afield, and Outdoor World and Recreation.

Woman. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25.

A study of the unrest of women: a searching account of the causes of the Feminist movement and its means of success.

Life at the U. S. Naval Academy: The Making of the American Naval Officer. By Ralph Earle. With an Introduction by Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

A picture of the various activities that make up the life of the midshipman: a historical sketch of the school, its present status, and appendices of value to the prospective candidate.

The Man in Court. By Frederic De Witt Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A humourous visualisation of the trial of court actions, from the insider's point of view. "The Strenuous Lawyer," "The Worried Client," "Those Technical Objections," show the character of the work.

Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A parody of *Alice in Wonderland,* satirising German methods in war diplomacy and propaganda.

Collecting Old Miniatures. Edited by Sir James Yoxall, M. P. The "Collector's Pocket" series. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Eleven chapters about the author's hobby of how, where, and at what cost a beginner may start his collection.

Collecting Old Glass. Edited by Sir James Yoxall, M. P. The "Collector's Pocket" series. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Hints, general rules and warnings for the veteran collector.

Collecting Old Lustre Ware. Edited by Sir James Yoxall, M. P. The "Collector's Pocket" series. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

An informative little volume to equip one for this hobby.

The Red Rugs of Tarus. By Helen Davenport Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

The personal narrative of a young woman's experiences during the Armenian massacres of Tarus.

Pan-Germanism Versus Christendom: An Open Letter by M. Emile Prüm. Edited and With Comments by Rene Johannet. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

An account of the conversion of a prominent citizen of Luxembourg to the Allied viewpoint.

In the War: Memoirs of V. Veresaev. Translated by Leo Wiener. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.00.

Second volume in the series of "The Slavic Translations": first-hand realistic impressions of the forces which brought Russia to defeat.

Great Britain's Part. By Paul D. Cravath. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00.

A first-hand description of the organisation of the army from general headquarters to corps headquarters, including the food and ammunition supply department, and that of hospitals and prison camps.

Our Progress-Idea and the War. By George Roy Elliott. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.

A small volume, giving the author's ideas as to the underlying significance of the war.

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Philosophy

The Morals of Monopoly and Competition. By Homer Blosser Reed. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Company.

A discussion of the change from private to public morals with carriers, with large industrial combinations, and with methods in determining prices.

Psychology

Man's Unconscious Conflict. By Wilfrid Lay. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

A popular exposition of psychoanalysis as an aid in solving the perplexing problems of human existence.

The Psychology of Special Abilities and Disabilities. By Augusta F. Bronner. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.75.

An attempt to give a deep analysis of the psychology of the school subjects in relation to the individual needs.

Mental Conflicts and Misconduct. By William Healy. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. $2.50.

Scientific data with practical illustrations and suggestions for the actual handling of problems.

Politics

The Menace of Japan. By Frederick McCormick. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. With Map. $2.00.

The story of the Open Door Policy, and other issues between Japan and Russia, China, and the United States.

American World Policies. By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

In three parts: "Our Idealistic Past," "The Root of Imperialism," "Towards Economic Internationalism."

The Japanese Invasion: A Study in the Psychology of Inter-Racial Contacts. By Jesse Frederick Steiner. With an Introduction by Robert E. Park. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.25.

A survey of the Oriental problem: the Japanese-American question from the standpoint of race psychology.

Poetry

The Widowed Earth. By Harry Alonzo Brandt. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A dramatic poem in four parts: "The Pagan," "The Upas Tree," "The House of Blood," "The Widowed Earth."

Harp Strings. By Arthur W. Spooner. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A collection of fifty or so poems on many themes.

Nothing But a Soldier Boy. By C. E. Booty. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A dozen poems, the first of which gives the title to the book.

La Venus De La Habana. By Earl Leo Brownson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Love poetry in five cantos.

Songs of Inexperience. By Beatrice Daw. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Twenty-six poems: the general theme is to make the most of life's fulfilment.

Riddles in Rhyme. By Marion L. Clarke. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Three hundred and nine poems, in each of which may be found the answer to some riddle.

Songs of Colorado. By Agnes K. Gibbs. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A volume of lyrics written for miners and ranchmen.

The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker. With an Introduction by J. C. Squire. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. With Portrait. $2.00.

Over a hundred chronologically arranged poems, including ten new "Juvenilia."

In Flight. By Rosalie M. Cody. New York: Duffield & Company.

In six parts: Sonnets, "The Violet of Poesy," "Frolic," "Through the Year," "Shadows," "A Lovely Day."

Glad of Earth. By Clement Wood. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00.

Three groups of poems: "Glad of Earth," portraits of individuals and types; "Comrades," love poems; and "New Roads," revolt against social conditions.

Life Sings a Song. By Samuel Hoffenstein. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company. $1.00.

A number of these poems reprinted from the New York *Evening Sun.*

The New Poetry: An Anthology. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Representative work of more than a hundred authors of the new poetry.

The Road to Castaly and Later Poems. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A reprint of earlier poems, with new material.

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Idle-Time Rime. By Herbert Flansburgh. Published by the author. Illustrated by W. Bearse Crocker.

Dialect poems, most of which have appeared in magazines.

The Poems and Amyntas of Thomas Randolph. Edited by John J. Parry. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. $2.00.

A selection from the author's extant work.

The Pinnacle: A Book of Verse. By Caroline Clark Hinton. Atlanta: A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company. 50 cents.

A collection of thirty-eight poems on various subjects.

Trails Sunward. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

A new volume of lyric, narrative, and dramatic song.

Merlin: A Poem. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The story of Merlin and Vivian and King Arthur from a new point of view—with emphasis on psychology as well as on circumstance.

Songs of a Wanderer. By Philip M. Raskin. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Some hundred Jewish poems.

Rhodanthe or the Rose in the Garden of the Soul's Delight. By Charles Louis Palms. Jamaica: The Marion Press.

A poetic fantasy in four books.

The Watchman and other Poems. By L. M. Montgomery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Lyrical poetry by a Canadian novelist.

War Poems by "X." Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents.

Written by an unknown Englishman who has given two sons to the war.

Poems of Heinrich Heine. Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Portrait. $2.00.

An anthology of Heine's poetic work, containing three hundred and twenty-five poems, and an analytic essay on the poet's work.

Elan Vital. By Helen Williston Brown. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A collection of thirty or more poems, grouped under various headings, as: "At Bryn Mawr," "At Johns Hopkins Medical School."

Religion

Twilight: The Sign of His Coming. By Alexander Mackenzie Lamb. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.50.

A study of the scriptural answer concerning the closing of the present age.

An African Trail. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. West Medford, Mass.: The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Illustrated.

A missionary's account of the approach of the gospel to primitive peoples, some chapters of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology. (In two vols.) By G. Stanley Hall. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Some of the eleven chapters are: "Jesus' Physical Personality," "Jesus in Literature," "Jesus' Eschatology, His Inner Character, Purpose, and Work."

The Wicked John Goode. (A True Story.) By Horace W. Scandlin. With an Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne, and an Epilogue by Rev. J. G. Hallimond. New York: George H. Doran Company. Portrait. $1.00.

An autobiography of a leader of the Bowery Mission who was a drunkard, jail-bird and thief.

The Confession of Pontius Pilate. (Second Edition.) East Orange: Translated and published by B. Shehadi.

Purports to be an old manuscript, telling of the last days of Pilate in his exile, and of his suicide.

Why God Made Men. By J. Nesbit Wilson. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.50.

Twenty-four chapters give the author's answer to this question.

Jesus' Idea. By Fordyce Hubbard Argo. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

A non-technical study of the divine personality.

The Bible in Our Modern World. By Frank M. Sheldon. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 35 cents.

Four chapters on the Biblical problem.

The Unpardonable Sin. By John N. Strain. Boston: The Gorham Press. Portrait. $1.00.

A small volume of discussion of the question.

Our Obligations to the Day of Rest and Worship. By James Patterson Hutchison. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

A treatise on this subject from a physical and economic as well as religious standpoint.

The Divine Adventure. By Anna Bartram Bishop. Boston: The Gorham Press. 75 cents.

An essay emphasising man's divine potentialities.

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Science

Variation, Heredity, and Evolution. By R. H. Lock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. $2.00.

Fourth edition revised by L. Doncaster, Sc.D., F.R.S.

The Bird Study Book. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Coloured Frontispiece. Pen and Ink Drawings by Will Simmons and Sixteen Photographs. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

A consideration of the classification of birds and their relation ti mankind: for the beginner.

Stone Ornaments of the American Indian. By Warren K. Moorehead. Andover, Mass.: The Andover Press. Illustrated.

The investigation and description of certain habits and relics of this ancient race.

Health and Disease: Their Determining Factors. By Roger I. Lee. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.75.

A summary of medical knowledge for the individual and the community in which he is a citizen.

Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers and Ferns. By W. I. Beecroft. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A book to facilitate acquaintance with the common and better known wild flowers and ferns.

The Life of the Grasshopper. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

The seventh book of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" by the "novelist of the insects."

A Year of Costa Rican Natural History. By Amelia Smith Calvert and Philip Powell Calvert. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

An introduction to Costa Rica as a field for traveller and naturalist; non-technical narration, with 46 views of scenery, houses, and other buildings, 60 species of plants, and 56 species of insects.

Lose Weight and be Well: A Genuine Document by a woman who gives the simple regimen which reduced her own weight by forty pounds. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

The story of a stout woman now thin.

Aristocrats of the Garden. By Ernest H. Wilson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated.

Fifteen chapters of scientific discussion.

The Healthful House. By Lionel Robertson and T. C. O'Donnell. Battle Creek, Mich.: Good Health Publishing Company. Illustrated.

Twenty-six chapters, such as "The Dustless House," "Some Principles of Beauty."

Obstacles to Peace. By Samuel S. McClure. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

An American publicist's opinions as to material and spiritual obstacles to peace.

War

Short Rations: An American Woman in Germany, 1915-1916. By Madeleine Zabriskie Doty. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated with Photographs. $1.50.

In Part I, a picture of life on board the Peace Ship, the Woman's Congress at The Hague, and the author's experiences nursing the wounded in Paris. In Part II, impressions of her recent long stay in Germany.

The War, Madame. By Paul Geraldy. Translated by Barton Blake. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A little book in the first person—told by Maurice, a French corporal.

To Verdun from the Somme. By Harry E. Brittain. With an Introduction by James M. Beck. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

An Anglo-American glimpse of the great advance.

Flying for France. By James R. McConnell. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

An account of the daily life of the American Escadrille at Verdun.

Sea Warfare. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

A collection of verse and prose pictures of submarines and destroyers.

Scars and Stripes. By Porter Emerson Browne. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

An appeal to the public conscience: seven chapters of humourous narrative comment, such as "The Neutral," "Mary and Marie," "Uncle Sham."

Germanism From Within. By A. D. McLaren. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.00.

An analysis of Germanism: the national history and character as the root of certain tendencies and activities culminating in the war.

The Basis of Durable Peace. By Cosmos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Papers originally printed in the *New York Times;* sixteen chapters, with appendix of some correspondence between Cosmos and Hall Caine.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of March and the first of April:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The White People
New York City	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Albany, N. Y	The Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil
Atlanta, Ga	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Boston, Mass	Wildfire	The Lifted Veil
Boston, Mass	Wildfire	Pip
Boston, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Greenmantle
Baltimore, Md	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Baltimore, Md	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Birmingham, Ala	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Susan Lenox
Buffalo, N. Y	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill	The Son of Tarzan	The Thoroughbred
Chicago, Ill	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Mark of Cain
Dallas, Texas	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines
Denver, Colo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Des Moines, Ia	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Susan Lenox
Detroit, Mich	The Thoroughbred	The Son of Tarzan
Detroit, Mich	The Thoroughbred	The Son of Tarzan
Houston, Tex	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines
Indianapolis, Ind	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Balance
Jacksonville, Fla	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Tiger's Coat
Kansas City, Mo	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Los Angeles, Cal	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Louisville, Ky	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Milwaukee, Wis	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
Minneapolis, Minn	Susan Lenox	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
New Haven, Conn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
New Orleans, La	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Norfolk, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Omaha, Neb	The Tiger's Coat	Wildfire
Philadelphia, Pa	Lydia of the Pines	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Philadelphia, Pa	In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines
Pittsburgh, Pa	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Best Short Stories of 1916
Portland, Me	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Portland, Ore	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Providence, R. I	The Lifted Veil	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines
Richmond, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
St. Paul, Minn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
San Francisco, Cal	Mendel	The Best Short Stories of 1916
San Francisco, Cal	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Spokane, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Seattle, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
St. Louis, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Tacoma, Wash	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toronto, Can	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Utica, N. Y	Lydia of the Pines	Wildfire
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Worcester, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Georgina of the Rainbows	The Mark of Cain	Wilt Thou Torchy	Just David
Exploits of Juve	Greenmantle	Stars in Their Courses	Lewis Seymour
In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines	The Son of His Father	Pip
Possession	The Cab of the Sleeping Horse	When a Man's a Man	Lydia of the Pines
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness	Pip	Michael
Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines	In the Wilderness
Wildfire	Adventures of JimmieDale	The Beetle	Best Short Stories of 1916
Lydia of the Pines	The Mark of Cain	Best Short Stories of 1916	Only a Dog
Those Fitzenbergers	Lydia of the Pines	Limpy	Our Next-Door Neighbors
The Thoroughbred	Lydia of the Pines	Wildfire	
In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!	The Lifted Veil	First Hundred Thousand
Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	From the Housetops	Susan Lenox
The Son of Tarzan	When a Man's a Man	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred
The Thoroughbred	King, of the Khyber Rifles	Oh Mary Be Careful!	The Mark of Cain
Oh Mary Be Careful!	The Middle Pasture	The Thoroughbred	Susan Lenox
In the Wilderness	Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
Lydia of the Pines	Brandon of the Engineers	The Man Next Door	Wildfire
In the Wilderness	The Thoroughbred	Little Billy Bowlegs	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	The Worn Doorstep	The Girl Philippa	Adventures of JimmieDale
In the Wilderness	Wildfire	Lydia of the Pines	Brandon of the Engineers
Adventures of JimmieDale	The Thoroughbred	The Tiger's Coat	Limpy
The Thoroughbred	The Sailor	Penrod and Sam	In the Wilderness
The Lifted Veil	The Man Next Door	In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!
Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan	The Thoroughbred	Lydia of the Pines
In the Wilderness	The Castaways	Adventures of JimmieDale	Oh Mary Be Careful!
The Lifted Veil	Adventures of JimmieDale	Road to Understanding	Wildfire
When a Man's a Man	The Thoroughbred	The Man Next Door	The Stingy Receiver
Best Short Stories of 1916	In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Road to Understanding
Lydia of the Pines	The Lifted Veil	An Alabaster Box	The Girls at His Billet
The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man	Come Out of the Kitchen!	Wildfire
The Lifted Veil	Lydia of the Pines	Michael	The Thoroughbred
Cracker Box School	The Thoroughbred	The Hillman	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	In the Wilderness	When a Man's a Man	Oh Mary Be Careful!
Wildfire	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Those Fitzenbergers	Stars in Their Courses
Piccadilly Jim	The Sailor	Wildfire	In the Wilderness
Lydia of the Pines	The Lifted Veil	Pip	In the Wilderness
Wildfire	In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines	Happy Valley
Lydia of the Pines	Brandon of the Engineers	Limpy	In the Wilderness
In the Wilderness	Wildfire	Adventures of JimmieDale	Stars in Their Courses
The Lifted Veil	Lydia of the Pines	In the Wilderness	The Dark Forest
The Sailor	When a Man's a Man	Just David	Piccadilly Jim
Greenmantle	The Taming of Calinga	Lydia of the Pines	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Wildfire	In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Best Short Stories of 1916
Seventeen	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End	The Hillman
The Worn Doorstep	In the Wilderness	Cappy Ricks	Rainbow's End
Penrod and Sam	The Thoroughbred	Wildfire	Come Out of the Kitchen!
The Man Next Door	Brandon of the Engineers	In the Wilderness	The Son of Tarzan
Bindle	The Hillman	Stars in Their Courses	
Greenmantle	Mary 'Gusta	The Son of His Father	In the Wilderness
Wildfire	The Lifted Veil	Penrod and Sam	The Tiger's Coat
Lydia of the Pines	Adventures of JimmieDale	The Middle Pasture	In the Wilderness

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

History of the Great War. A. Conan Doyle.
New Ideals in Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
Pan-German Plot Unmasked. A. Chéradame.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
Raymond, or Life and Death. Sir Oliver Lodge.
Dunsany the Dramatist. E. H. Bierstadt.
The Russian Advance. S. Washburn.
The New Poetry: an Anthology. H. Monroe and A. Henderson.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
Italy, France, and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
Succeeding with What You Have. Charles M. Schwab.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 334 and 335) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50	300
2. In the Wilderness. Hichens. (Stokes). $1.50	232
3. Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	191
4. Lydia of the Pines. Willsie. (Stokes.) $1.40	152
5. The Thoroughbred. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	113
6. The Lifted Veil. King. (Harper.) $1.40	77

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
An Alabaster Box. M. W. Freeman and F. M. Kingsley.
The Balance. Frances R. Bellamy.
The Beetle. Richard Marsh.
The Best Short Stories of 1916. E. J. O'Brien.
Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
Brandon of the Engineers. H. Bindloss.
The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. J. R. Scott.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
The Castaways. W. W. Jacobs.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
Cracker Box School. Elizabeth M. Sutton.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
Dunsany the Dramatist. E. H. Bierstadt.
Exploits of Juve. B. Souvestre and M. Alain.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
From the Housetops. George B. McCutcheon.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.
The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
Happy Valley. Anne Shannon Monroe.
The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
History of the Great War. A. C. Doyle.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
King, of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.
The Kingdom of the Blind. E. P. Oppenheim.
Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
Limpy. William Johnston.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
The Man Next Door. E. Hough.
The Mark of Cain. Carolyn Wells.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Michael. E. F. Benson.
The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
New Ideals of Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
The New Poetry: An Anthology. Monroe and Henderson.
Oh Mary Be Careful! George Weston.
Our Next-Door Neighors. B. K. Miniates.
Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
The Pan-German Plot Unmasked. André Chéradame.
Pip. Ian Hay.
Possession. Olive Wadsley.
Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
The Russian Advance. S. Washburn.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Son of His Father. Ridgewell Cullum.
The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
The Stars in Their Courses. H. M. Sharp.
The Stingy Receiver. E. H. Abbott.
Susan Lenox. David Graham Phillips.
The Taming of Calinga. C. S. Carlsen.
The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.
Those Fitzenbergers. Helen R. Martin.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
The White People. Francis H. Burnett.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.

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